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the weekly
Standard

MAY 6, 2002

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Why Le Pen is the least of France's problems

by Christopher Caldwell

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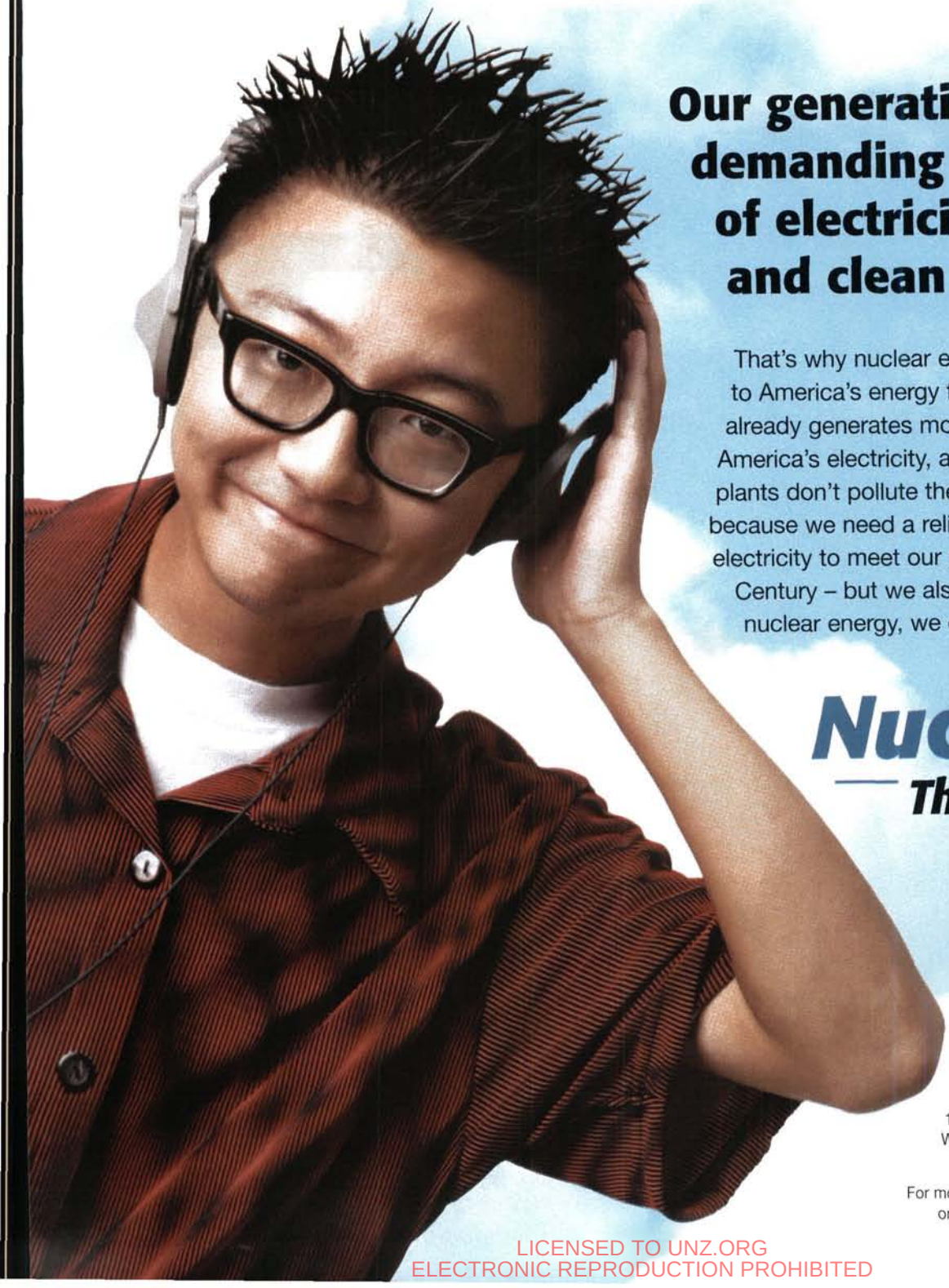

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Contents

May 6, 2002 • Volume 7, Number 33

2 Scrapbook . *Brave Dems, Palestinian informers, and more.*

4 Casual . . . . . *Joseph Epstein, near-friend of the deceased.*

6 Correspondence . . . . . *On Cincinnati, Israel, evil, etc.*

9 Editorials . . . . . *The U.N.'s Israel Obsession*
Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch

Articles

14 Clinton Night at the Apollo *Democrats roll out their last president to refight the last election.* . . . . . BY MATT LABASH

16 Hegemony, Not Empire *How the* pax Americana *differs from the* pax Romana. . . . . BY KIMBERLY KAGAN

18 Talent to Win? *Can Republican Jim Talent beat Sen. Jean Carnahan in Missouri?* . . . . . BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

Features

20 Liberté, Egalité, Judéophobie
Why Le Pen is the least of France's problems. . . . . . BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

27 Anti-Social Studies
So many ideas for improving the curriculum—all of them bad. . . . . . BY KAY S. HYMOWITZ

Books & Arts

31 The Return of Studs Lonigan *Why we ought to read James Farrell.* . . . . . BY GERALD ROBBINS

33 Decline of the West *Thomas McGuane's flawed fiction.* . . . . . BY WOODY WEST

36 Jazzman *The dissonant life and times of Charlie Mingus.* . . . . . BY HARRY SIEGEL

38 THE STANDARD READER . . . . . *Bashing Hoover; books on the Adamses, feminists, American philosophers, and more.*

40 Parody . . . . . *Coroner's Report from the Robert Blake case.*

William Kristol, *Editor* **Fred Barnes,** *Executive Editor*
David Tell, *Opinion Editor* **David Brooks, Christopher Caldwell,** *Senior Editors* **Richard Starr, Claudia Winkler,** *Managing Editors*
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But Enough About the War . . .

Republican gains in popularity since September 11 seem to have driven Democrats into paranoia and despair. At the Florida Democratic convention on April 14, the party's presidential candidates patted themselves on the back for defying threats and pressure, and for actually criticizing Republicans.

Think about it: Democrats willing to zing the other party. Unheard of. Sen. John Kerry of Massachusetts insisted there are policy debates "we need to have in this country, but some would rather smother them." Unafraid, Kerry said it's time "to remind our Republican friends that the freedom they love to preach about also includes the freedom to disagree and the right to dissent."

Al Gore, too, was fearless—despite the jackboot of Republicans who "vilify honorable men and women who oppose their right-wing domestic agenda and blatantly dishonest budget" and "imply that those who stand up to them are somehow unpatriotic." Exactly which Republicans vilified those questioning the GOP's domestic ideas as unpatriotic? Democrats offered no names.

In truth, there are issues Democrats just don't want to talk much about. These happen to be the most critical and significant issues of the day: foreign policy, terrorism, and national security. Now, forget the fact these are important to the nation's future. Democrats regard them as "Republican issues," and thus their goal is to say as little as possible about them, while quickly changing the subject to domestic issues on which Democrats poll well.

"The strategy all along," a Democratic adviser told *Roll Call*, "has been that if you can take the war and taxes off the table, we can have a debate on the issues where we are strongest." Ah, yes, if, if, if. And if THE SCRAPBOOK had some ham we'd be enjoying a ham and cheese sandwich, if we had some cheese.

Howard Wolfson, the director of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, says House candidates should concentrate on the supposed $243 million tax cut for Enron, which doesn't actually exist, and Social Security, a perennial scare-the-old-folks issue for Democrats.

Oh, yes, there is one foreign policy issue Democrats have talked up, the Middle East. But rather than support Israel's right of self-defense in pursuing terrorists in the West Bank, Democratic leaders accused President Bush of being "disengaged." A curious accusation. If anyone gets punished by voters for being "disengaged," it seems likelier to be the party that wants to take the war "off the table." ♦

The Life Expectancy of Anti-Arafat Palestinians

We're told ad nauseam, especially by the State Department, that Yasser Arafat is the legitimate and sole representative of the Palestinian people. Given the thugocracy that is the Palestinian Authority, we're sure that Arafat likes to think that he is. The fact that the U.S. government feels obliged to agree with him has always struck us as one of the most morally dismaying parts of the "peace process." Especially given the role of lynchings in enforcing political loyalty within the Palestinian territory.

These lynchings are not widely reported, and are even less frequently photographed. But according to the *Jerusalem Post*, there have been "dozens" since the beginning of the current intifada. The Palestinian man pictured here was killed by his fellow Palestinians on April 23 in Hebron, on suspicion of being an informer of Israel.

AP / Wide World Photos

We came across the photo thanks to the new *New York Sun*, which featured it on one of its inaugural front pages last week—a bold decision given the subject matter of the photo. So let us take this occasion to wish the new paper well. As newspaper readers, we're believers in the more, the merrier. And since the paper is also intelligent and interesting, the more, the better, in this case. ♦

The First Battle of Jenin

British papers have taken the lead in demonizing the urban warfare between Israeli soldiers and Palestinian fighters in Jenin as an Israeli war crime. So perhaps it's unsurprising that we had

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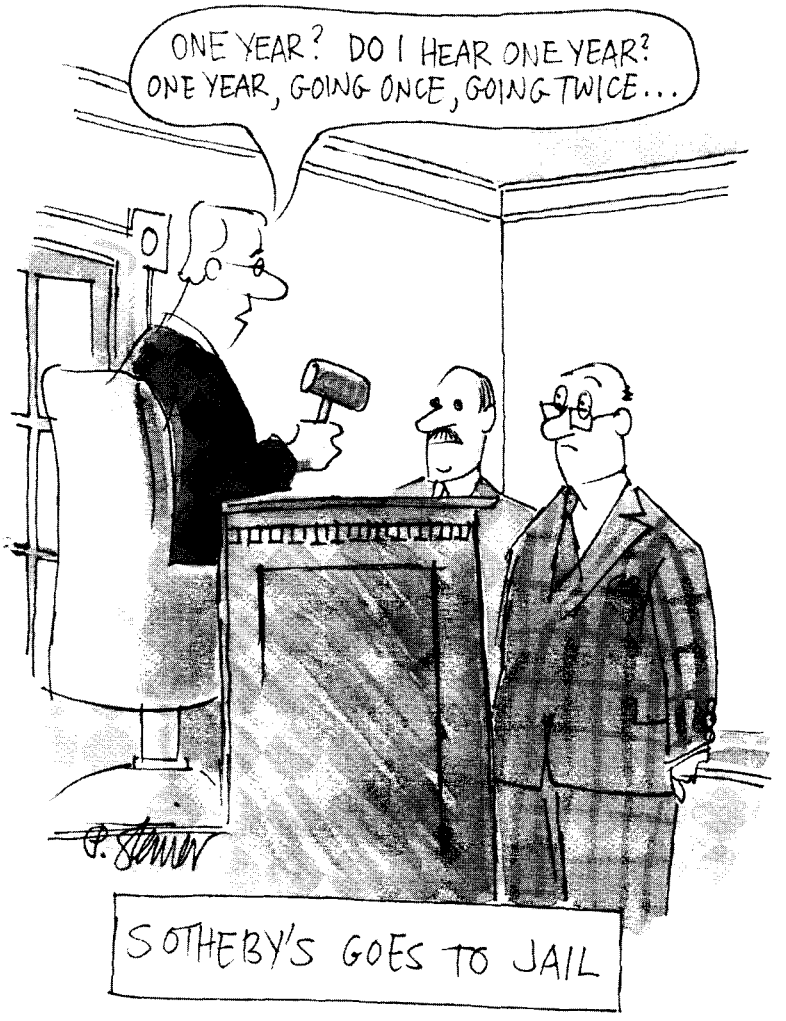

to turn to the *Jerusalem Post* for this fascinating piece of historical context: Jenin's role as a breeding ground of Palestinian terror dates back to the days of the British Mandate. And the British showed less forbearance than Israel in counterattacking.

As Rafael Medoff tells the story in the April 18 *Jerusalem Post*, "the assassination of a British district commissioner by a Palestinian Arab terrorist in Jenin in the summer of 1938" led British authorities to decide "that 'a large portion of the town should be blown up' as punishment. On August 25 of that year, a British convoy brought 4,200 kilos of explosives to Jenin for that purpose. In the Jenin operation and on other occasions, local Arabs were forced to drive 'mine-sweeping taxis' ahead of British vehicles in areas where Palestinian Arab terrorists were believed to have planted mines, in order 'to reduce [British] landmine casualties.'"

The details cited by Medoff were in cable traffic to London that the British government declassified 50 years after the events described. As he notes, there were lively "discussions among officials of the Colonial Office concerning the rightness or wrongness of the anti-terror methods used in Palestine. Lord Dufferin remarked: 'British lives are being lost and I don't think that we, from the security of Whitehall, can protest squeamishly about measures taken by the men in the frontline.' Sir John Shuckburgh defended the tactics on the grounds that the British were confronted 'not with a chivalrous opponent playing the game according to the rules, but with gangsters and murderers.'" Indeed. ♦

Why Are We Not Surprised?

We always thought suicide doctor Jack Kevorkian was a creepy guy. Currently doing time in prison for murder, Kevorkian has presided over at least one hundred deaths—and most of his victims were not even terminally ill. As WEEKLY STANDARD contributor Wesley J. Smith has noted in these pages, Kevorkian's "Dr. Death" moniker "dates back to his medical-school days, when he would haunt hospital wards at night, staring into dying people's eyes. He is a fiend because his fondest dream is to slice open living people. He may also be the world's most clever serial killer, as one media observer once put it, since his victims come to him" ("The Serial Killer As Folk Hero," July 6/July 13, 1998). And now comes yet another bizarre revelation.

In an intriguing article in the *Washington Post Magazine* entitled "The Art of Evil," author Marc Fisher talks about the buying and selling of Adolf Hitler's paintings, along with other Nazi-related propaganda (including a stomach-churning Last Supper scene with the Führer at the center and the inscription, "In the beginning was the Word"). In a quick aside, Fisher notes that Hitleriana dealer Charles Snyder Jr. "won't identify most of his customers, but euthanasia advocate Jack Kevorkian, 'Dr. Death,' was one. Had a nice little Hitler collection there for a while." Revolting, yes, but hardly surprising. ♦

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Casual

Sorry Charlie

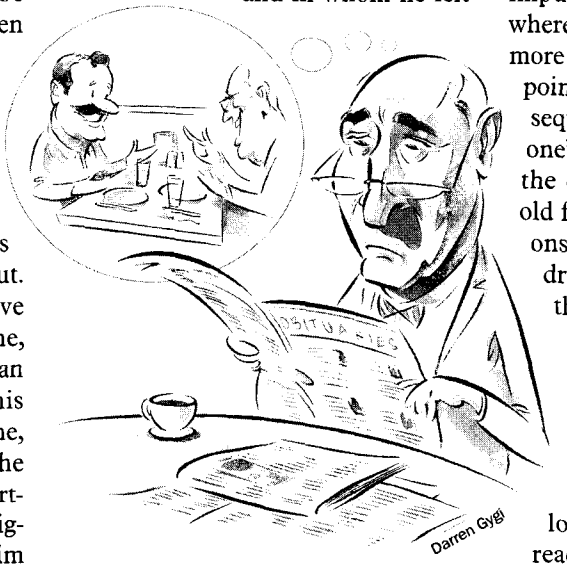
Struggling to tell his mistress Louise Colet how deeply he felt about her, Flaubert exclaimed, "The language is inept." I suspect the old boy meant "insufficient," which, unfortunately, it often is. There ought, for example, to be a word that falls between "talent" and "genius"; and a word between "envy" and "admiration." The other day it occurred to me that yet another word is needed, this one to describe the relationship that falls between "acquaintance" and "friend."

Last week I learned that a man named Charles Sandusky had died. He was someone I liked a lot, but could not quite call a friend. Yet he was more than an acquaintance merely. I met Charles at the gym where we both worked out. He was a tall man with impressive wavy brown hair and a low hairline, and not all that much gray for a man in his early eighties. Under his aquiline nose lay a serious mustache, of the kind that a bandleader in the 1940s might have worn. He had courtly manners and managed to look dignified even in gym clothes. I liked him straightaway.

We first spoke to each other when we discovered ourselves side by side on two rowing machines. I told him the joke about the wealthy woman who has gone on a cruise that simulates the conditions of a Roman slave galley, with the passengers as slaves, and who asks the woman sitting next to her, "When this cruise is over, how much do you tip the whipper?" He laughed, told me a joke in return, and our acquaintanceship was underway.

In perhaps our third conversation, Charles told me that on the day of his retirement as a salesman in the cardboard-box business, he had arrived home to find his wife seated in a chair in their living room, dead, of cardiac arrest. "In the same day," he said, "I lost my job and my best friend."

His wife was central to his life. "She was the playmaker of our social life," he once told me, hinting at his current loneliness. He was very proud of her. She was a mathematics major at the University of Michigan at a time when women were not encouraged to study anything so difficult. He had a granddaughter doing graduate work in biochemistry, of whom he was also proud and in whom he felt



something of his wife's scientific talent lived on.

Charles told me that, after his wife, a relationship with any other woman had proved impossible, though he had tried. He worked out five mornings a week. I don't know how he filled out the rest of his days. He watched a certain amount of sports. He watched science and nature fare on PBS. He was one of those men who take the news very seriously, seeming almost to brood over it. He thought Clinton clownish and outrageous, but also thought the unstinting degradation of him wasn't at all good for the country. He thought about the good of the country in a way that suggested disinterest of a sort that has long gone out of style.

Worrying about becoming a bore, he used often to apologize for hauling the past into our rowing-machine conversations. But he couldn't help it. "When I grew up, I not only never met but never even heard about anyone who was divorced," he would say, or, "It's impossible to make people understand what it was like during the Depression, how fragile and frightening life seemed."

On a couple of occasions, I told myself I ought to invite Charles to join me for lunch, so that we could have a longer, less interrupted conversation. But I held back. I did so out of a self-protectiveness that I suspect sets in as one grows older. Instead of plunging ahead, refusing to strangle a social impulse, forming new friendships wherever one can—in friendship, the more the merrier, right?—at a certain point one begins to consider the consequences of new friendships. Isn't one's dance card already filled with the obligations, not always met, of old friendships? One circles the wagons around oneself. In my mind, I drew a line before Charles: pals at the gym, this far and no further.

For reasons too elaborate and boring to go into here, more than a year ago I began to take my workouts elsewhere. I thought of Charles often, though I cannot say that I longed for his company. He had reached his early eighties in such good physical and mental shape that I imagined him making it smoothly to ninety. News of his death gave me a small jolt. Without claiming that his departure marks a great personal subtraction for me, the world nonetheless seemed better with him in it.

I don't exactly feel guilty about not letting my acquaintanceship with Charles deepen into a friendship; I have, alas, greater calls on my guilt. I suspect we all have such relationships, likable acquaintances who could so easily have become dear friends, and who leave one thinking both of the possibilities of life and of its limitations, too. There ought to be a better name for them.

Joseph Epstein

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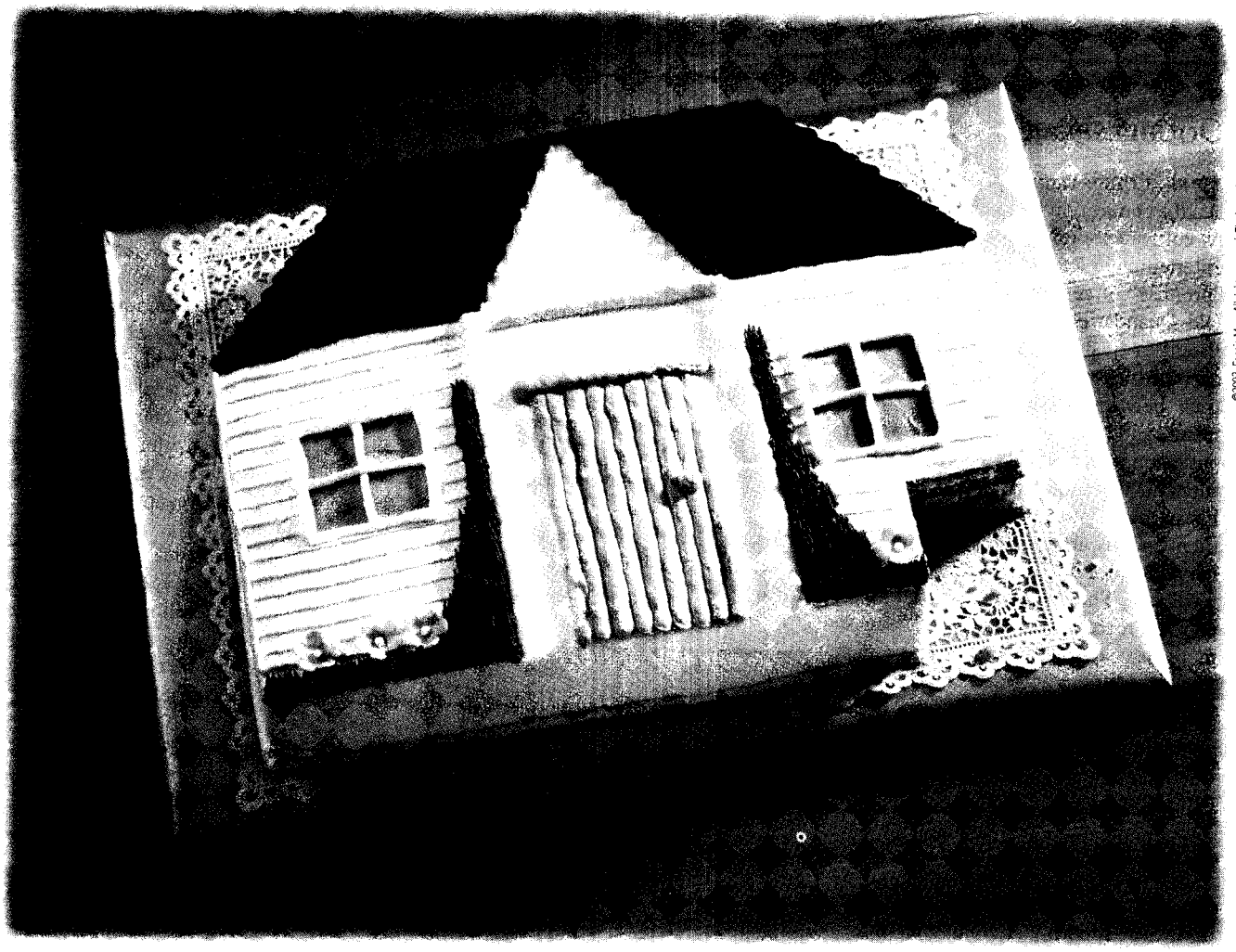

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Doublespeak

Eric Cohen rightly presses us to see the connection between our culturally cultivated desire for efficiency and entertainment and our celebration of the "promise" of genomics ("New Genetics, Old Quandaries," April 22). I attended President Bush's recent press conference on bioethics and was struck by the contrast between Bush's "incurable optimism" and his call for us to question our obsession with medical advance. I am not sure if it was a rhetorically apt move on his part—an attempt to pull us in and then turn us around—or a symptom of his reluctance to question market-driven medicine. The medical-industrial complex has many insidious roots. We need more analyses like Cohen's on this topic.

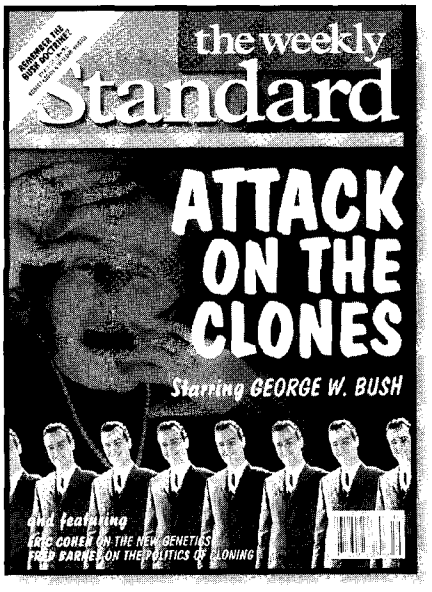
Amy Laura Hall
Assistant Professor of Theological Ethics
Duke Divinity School
Durham, NC

Ambling toward Idiocy

Regarding David Brooks's otherwise superb "Among the Bourgeoisophobes" (April 15), I would like to offer a few words in defense of the "conservative pessimism" that contends that "the solid capitalist values America once possessed have been corrupted by intellectual currents coming out of the universities." Brooks accuses those of us who worry about the state of our culture of lacking faith in the virtue of the American people, a people whose character, he says, was vindicated by the heroism displayed during and in the wake of the events of September 11.

Speaking for this conservative, I have never doubted the virtue of the American people; what I question is the virtue of many of our putative leaders. A brutal fact of the liberal society rightly celebrated by Brooks is that a people happily engaged in the pursuit of the good things of life is often disengaged from the day to day affairs of governance. As the Framers recognized, for a liberal democracy to survive, it would have to regularly produce a class of highly educated men and (now we rightfully recognize) women who possess a deep understanding of Christian, classical, and liberal virtues, to conduct our affairs in accordance with the lessons of the history of our civilization.

What conservatives recognize, which Brooks inexplicably, given his grasp of the views of those he calls the "ethereal bourgeiosophobes," does not, is that control of the most important bastions of culture, particularly the elite universities, by those who hate liberal democracy will lead to a dangerous scarcity of men and women prepared to lead the nation. One need only look to the events of September 11, in which our nation needlessly suffered a terrible blow because those who led our country in the decade prior to the attack lacked the wisdom and judgment to comprehend the evil that opposes us



and the foresight and courage to defend us against it. If Brooks is right that "we had better be able to articulate, not least to ourselves, who we are, why we arouse such passions, and why we are absolutely right to defend ourselves," then we had also better reform the institutions that must produce the men and women who will teach us these lessons.

Andrew C. Spiropoulos
Oklahoma City University School of Law
Oklahoma City, OK

Cincinnati—It's a Riot

I just finished Heather Mac Donald's "Appeasing the Race Hustlers" (April 22) on race politics in Cincinnati. As someone who lives and works in Cincinnati, I am thrilled that someone has noticed what is happening here. Unfortunately, that will not stop the progression of what Damon Lynch and others have started. In the past week alone, there have been notable examples of random violence directed at whites driving through predominantly black neighborhoods, complete with racial slurs. This is in addition to the black on black violence that has gone unabated for the last year. The Lynch-led effort to boycott public, revenue-generating events continues, though it is unclear what further actions the city could possibly take to appease the boycotters, short of direct cash payments.

At this point, the future of Cincinnati is bleak. The people who want real progress will leave, because there is no other choice. Damon Lynch can have what's left.

Michael A. Brown
Cincinnati, OH

Victims No More

David Gelernter's "Europe to Israel—Drop Dead" (April 22) should be required reading for the State Department peace-process facilitators. The media, the European Union, and the United Nations, as Gelernter intimates, will never understand the Israelis' point of view. The reason seems to be that the Israelis have stepped out of the role that has been assigned to the Jews by these wise people. Jews are supposed to be victims. Countless documentaries about the Holocaust on PBS, the History Channel, etc., reaffirm this almost weekly.

When the Jewish state takes in the survivors of this European barbarism and actually defends itself against its murderous Arab neighbors, hackles are raised, "Zionism is Racism" resolutions are passed, and human rights groups are shocked. (To an extent, this victimhood mantle has been placed on the Irish also. The stories of the Famine, the Troubles, the Black and Tans, are abundant, but I'm still waiting for an NPR feature on the growing Irish economy and how the E.U. is trying to bring it down.)

There will be no negotiated peace with the Palestinian Authority because it

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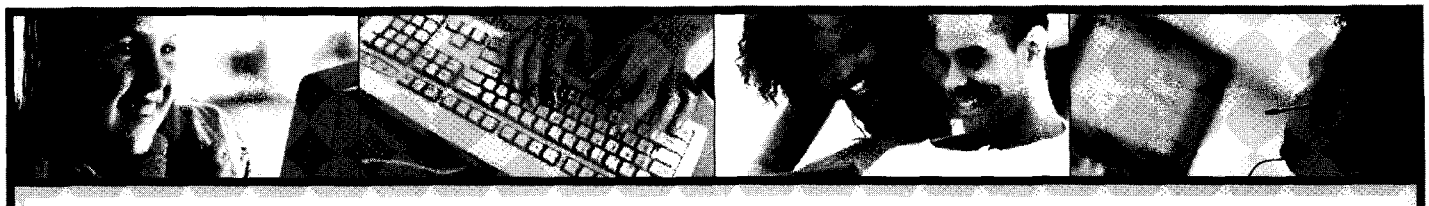

A GROWING TECHNOLOGY ECOSYSTEM

Despite a hesitant global economy and the burst of the dot-com bubble, the information technology market is poised to exceed $1 trillion this year and is expected to grow another 40 percent by 2005.

With millions of people employed at hundreds of thousands of information technology companies around the world, it's clear that the high-tech industry continues to serve as an engine of global economic growth and opportunity.

In just the last two decades, we have seen the tremendous growth of a global "technology ecosystem" of companies that create hardware, software and services for businesses, governments, educational institutions and consumers worldwide. A recent study by IDC found that from 1995 to 2001, growth in the IT industry outpaced the broader economy in all 28 countries they studied, and is expected to grow 45 percent or more over the next several years in at least half of those countries.

The global technology ecosystem is an engine of economic growth and opportunity that will exceed $1 trillion this year.

The introduction of the PC in 1981 was one of the catalysts for this tremendous growth. Prior to this, few computers were compatible with one another. The software and hardware you bought would only work reliably on one model of computer, and it was difficult to share information with partners and colleagues who used a different model. The expense of creating products for dozens of different computers prevented many companies from taking risks to create innovative new products; and the wide range of incompatible software and peripherals from a number of different companies left many companies dependent on a single vendor for everything from hardware to services. The result was fewer choices and higher prices for consumers.

The PC's industry-standard blueprint for hardware and a compatible operating system changed all that. Hardware companies could then compete to build better PCs for their customers, confident that they could run all the popular applications. Software companies could create products that would work well on the greatest number of computers. Other companies introduced development platforms and tools that worked with these standard computers and operating systems, making it even easier for developers to write innovative software. And still more companies offered printers, modems and other peripherals that were easy to configure and use.

Today, more than 750,000 companies around the world design, manufacture and sell PC systems, create compelling software for everything from household finances to advanced scientific research, and build the printers, digital cameras, media players and other peripherals that make computers even more useful. The opportunities surrounding the PC are incredible—the IDC study showed that Microsoft partners generate $8 in revenue for every $1 earned by Microsoft.

The same industry that made the PC a success is now embarking on the next computing revolution—a world in which intelligent devices will connect people, businesses, information and services wherever and whenever needed. This next transformation—building on open Internet standards such as XML (eXtensible Markup Language)—will offer incredible new computing experiences for people and businesses and vast new growth opportunities for tens of thousands of companies around the world.

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doesn't want peace. The "moderate" Arab states will not put pressure on Arafat. The only solution will be to force a peace on the Palestinians, while the United States tells the surrounding nations to deal with it in no uncertain terms. They will have no choice but to accept it, especially if punctuated by a regime about to take action in Iraq. That will give the desert dictators more to worry about than the 3 million Palestinians. The president should have the courage to direct the State Department to change course and help the Israelis defend themselves.

The Israelis have the courage to do what they have to do, but they need help from their able allies. Afterwards, the Europeans will, as Benjamin Netanyahu has said, "have a lot to answer for."

JACK MCARDLE
Gibsonia, PA

SUBCONSCIOUS COUP

NORMAN DOIDGE'S "Evil's Advantage Over Conscience" (April 15) is exactly right. It is the clearest explanation I have seen in short form of how a psychopath/sociopath manipulates those with a conscience. Conscience imposes a check on lying and ruthlessness with which the psychopath is unencumbered. Conscience also assumes, unconsciously, that the other party operates from the same moral platform. This assumption, of course, is false. I read the article the very day that Colin Powell met with Yasser Arafat, despite the very recent homicide bombing near a Jerusalem market that killed 6 and wounded close to 80—a perfect example of the "brazen" and "relentless" evil about which Doidge writes.

Doidge explains why the meeting went forward, albeit delayed by a few hours for diplomatic "distance" between the violence and the meeting with the perpetrator. Despite, however, the article's pinpointing the dynamic that causes otherwise sophisticated and determined leaders to provide a man like Arafat with endless second chances, it does nothing to mitigate my dismay at the Bush administration's falling victim to Arafat's spell.

SUSAN REED
Carlsbad, CA

PSYCHOLOGY HAS ENOUGH of a challenge treating individual pathology. Therefore putting history on the couch can lead to some bizarre conclusions. Norman Doidge in his reductionist attempt to explain the success of Yasser Arafat, "Evil's Advantage Over Conscience," argues that "while conscience allows us to understand ordinary crimes, it actually blinds us before the extraordinary ones." If this thesis were ever accepted, it could provide an alibi for those who fail to resist genocide and those who fail to bring mass murderers to justice.

Further, to claim that radically evil personalities such as Hitler and Arafat cast a spell over people of conscience could absolve Germans under Hitler and Arab Palestinians under Arafat from any responsibility for crimes carried out under the direction of their leaders.

The understanding of Arafat's career can be found only by the study of the entire history of his reign as the father of international terrorism and the analysis of the techniques of propaganda he has developed and applied with enormous skill. Arafat's genius has been demonstrated in his ability to exploit the antipathy of mutually antagonistic ideologies towards Zionism and the Jewish people and to unite those divergent forces under the banner of the Palestinian cause.

Neo-Nazis and radical Communists made the penetration of Europe by Palestinian terrorism possible during the period of the Munich Massacre. Arafat's conflation of Christian and Islamic anti-Zionism has resulted in the broad spectrum of hostility towards Israel manifested by the United Nations.

Arafat has also been an astute observer of the *Kulturkampf* of world Jewry, especially in Israel between religious and secular, left and right. First, under the guidance of the Soviets, he set out to split the Zionist camp, and later, after he had the time to assess the depth of these divisions, he concentrated considerable resources on what he termed the "internal front." Thus he has been able to utilize the fierce domestic hatreds in Israel to render Israel less able to mount a united strategy against their nemesis.

By the concentration of all of the sources of animosity towards Israel, Arafat has universalized anti-Zionism (and anti-Semitism) and made himself its universal symbol.

This universalization of anti-Zionism has provided its rationalization as the categorical imperative of the majority. The majority decides what is right and thereby defines conscience. And Arafat has represented himself as the sinister messiah of this global moral apparatus.

Arafat has provided the world with the first postmodern religion by constructing the demonization of Israel from the teachings of other religions and ideologies. He has united the Arab world by means of this demonization, since each strand of hatred is now identical under his leadership. Against such an overwhelming consensus all but the most courageous must submit.

The world is not passive in relation to Arafat's power, as Norman Doidge maintains. Rather it is his all too willing accomplice.

MORTON MANILLA
Toronto, Canada

LET'S (NOT) ROLL!

THE APRIL 22 PARODY featuring the amended version of President Bush's address to the joint session of Congress was outstanding. It needs one slight revision, though. In the last few weeks, our marching orders seem to have changed from "Let's Roll!" to "Let's Roll (Over)!"

JEFF MINTER
Overland Park, KS

• • •

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the weekly Standard

The U.N.'s Israel Obsession

In 1948, when the armies of five surrounding Arab dictatorships invaded tiny, newborn Israel—in what the secretary general of the Arab League announced was a "war of extermination" against "the Jews"—the United Nations sat on its ass. And did not send a fact-finding mission.

But, oh, how the U.N. has been making up for that oversight ever since. For more than 50 years now, the Jews have been its favorite subject.

Among the nearly 200 nations represented at the U.N., only Israel has ever been assigned special—reduced—membership privileges, its ambassadors formally barred, for 53 straight years ending only recently, from election to the Security Council. Meanwhile, and right up to the present day, that same Security Council has devoted fully a third of its energy and criticism to the policies of a single country: Israel. The U.N. Commission on Human Rights, which regularly—and unreprovingly—accepts delegations from any number of homicidal tyrannies across the globe, has issued fully a quarter of its official condemnations to a single (democratic) country: Israel.

There has been a genocide in Rwanda, an ethnic cleansing in Yugoslavia, periodic and horrifying communal "strife" in Indonesia's East Timor, the "disappearance" of a few hundred thousand refugees in the Congo, a decades-long and culturally devastating occupation of Tibet by the People's Republic of China . . . but none of those U.N. member states has ever been subjected to the rebuke of a General Assembly "emergency special session." Israel has, though, repeatedly, simply for refusing to surrender in the face of terrorist attacks that have killed hundreds and injured thousands of its citizens—murders that no U.N. resolution has ever so much as mentioned.

No fewer than *four* separate administrative units within the U.N.—two of them directly supervised by Kofi Annan's governing secretariat—do nothing but spend millions of dollars annually on the production and worldwide distribution of propaganda questioning Israel's right to exist. The "Special Committee to Investigate Israeli Practices Affecting the Human Rights of the Palestinian People and other Arabs of the Occupied Territories," for example, "investigates" Israel's continued "practice" of "occupying" not just the territory taken in the 1967 war, but also the land within its internationally recognized, pre-1967 borders.

And then there is the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, an operation originally established in December 1949 to assist those Palestinian refugees created by the Arab world's botched attempt at a second Final Solution. UNRWA, as it happens, is centrally relevant to its parent organization's latest outburst of naked Israelophobia. Because UNRWA wholly funds and largely administers the West Bank refugee camp in Jenin where the Israeli army is purported—by various Palestinian militants and local U.N. officials—to have just perpetrated a "massacre" of "unarmed civilians." It is to the site of this alleged "atrocity" that Kofi Annan now intends to dispatch a commission of inquiry chaired by Yasser Arafat's favorite European diplomat, former president Martti Ahtisaari of Finland, and seconded by Cornelio Sommaruga, retired chief of the International Red Cross, a man who once likened the Star of David to a swastika.

All by themselves, Annan's personnel choices here are a genuine scandal, and as this issue of THE WEEKLY STANDARD goes to press, Israel's understandable objections, to Sommaruga in particular, have left it a still open question when and whether the secretary general's designees will ever be allowed to reach their destination. And if, at the end of the day, they aren't? That will be perfect justice, we think. The "world community" will howl, of course, and Israel's many enemies will believe the worst. But they believe the worst already. And they will continue to believe the worst no matter what. And, quite apart from the controversy over what its staff should look like, the whole idea of a U.N. fact-finding mission to Jenin is scandalous to begin with, it seems to us—an assault on Israel's honor, even its basic legitimacy as an independent nation, that no similarly situated democracy would ever be expected to endure.

Assuming Annan's investigators do eventually make

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their way to Jenin, is it possible they might actually find the "facts" they are looking for? No, almost certainly not. Media accounts of Israel's incursion into a football-field-sized sector of the camp have bubbled over with lurid details worthy of a medieval peasant's worst anti-Semitic fantasies. And the peasant-in-chief has been a U.N. official, UNRWA commissioner general Peter Hansen, who has given dozens of lip-smacking interviews recounting "wholesale obliteration," "a human catastrophe that has few parallels in recent history," "helicopters . . . strafing civilian residential areas," and "bodies . . . piling up" in "mass graves." Some of this carnage Hansen even claims to have seen "with my own eyes." But he is a bald-faced liar. The Israelis have been out of Jenin—and foreign journalists and other international observers have been back in—for more than a week. And no evidence, literally *nothing* that would indicate the presence of a civilian "massacre," has yet emerged.

Quite the contrary, rescue workers in Jenin have so far recovered the bodies of six—not the rumored six hundred, but *six*—women, children, and elderly Palestinians. This, in a now ruined central area of the camp where countless armed gunmen rained days of nonstop sniper fire on Israeli foot patrols from the windows of still-occupied residences they had booby-trapped with high explosives. This is a "massacre"?

And why, even if its death toll had proved a hundred times higher, would it warrant a U.N. fact-finding mission? In 1993, just after the events lately made famous by Hollywood's *Black Hawk Down*, a two-week U.S. bombing campaign against Mogadishu killed a *thousand* Somali civilians. During the whole of the present intifada, now six months old, far fewer Palestinians than that have died as Israel has attempted to rescue itself from a national security threat far graver and more immediate than any America faced in East Africa. But did it ever occur to the United Nations to convene an inquest into the "human catastrophe" that was Somalia? It did not.

Maybe the U.N. picks on Israel simply because it can. Or maybe, just maybe, there is a darker impulse at play.

Which would explain why the U.N. has spent decades, in the guise of refugee assistance, providing active, organized, and enthusiastic auxiliary services to the most delusional and violent strains of Jew-hating Palestinian irredentism. It bears mentioning, though one rarely hears it mentioned, that the UNRWA camp at Jenin has been for years what the Palestinians call *a'simat al-istashidin*, the "suiciders' capital," from which dozens of Hamas, Islamic Jihad, Fatah, Al Aksa, and Tanzim terrorist attacks have been launched, killing hundreds of Israelis.

UNRWA funds and staffs the schools of Jenin, where, from fall through spring each year, children are taught that all of "Palestine," from the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea, belongs to them. During summer vacation, those very same schools host training camps in which those very same students are instructed in the arts of kidnapping and rock-throwing and bomb-manufacturing and martyrdom. UNRWA rents the buses that regularly take residents of Jenin on tours of the Israeli countryside—where "their" property, "stolen" by the Jews, is carefully pointed out. UNRWA allows its food warehouses in Jenin to do double duty as munitions dumps. UNRWA pretends not to know that explosives and counterfeit currency factories are housed in the public shelters it has constructed in Jenin. UNRWA cannot understand how it might be that its own administrative offices in Jenin are festooned with graffiti celebrating some of the world's most notorious terrorist organizations. Or how some of the world's most notorious terrorists might have found their way onto the agency's *payroll*—to the point where the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, extreme even in the context of Palestinian extremism, now openly controls the UNRWA workers' union.

This same United Nations, the blood of Israeli civilians still wet on its hands, now dares to question the morality of a modest, defensive, and long-overdue Israeli reprisal?

In curricular materials published by the Palestinian Authority's Ministry of Education, "Objective Five" for high school history teachers reads as follows: "The student will understand why the people of the world hate the Jews." It is a question for the ages. Zionism may no longer be racism at the United Nations. But anti-Semitism is forever.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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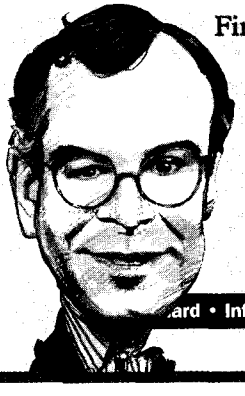

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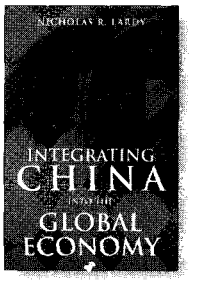

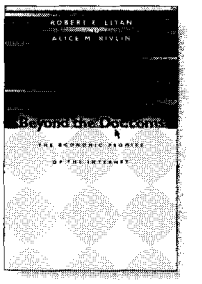

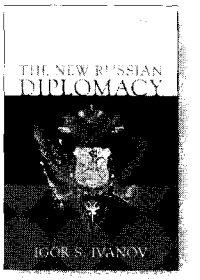

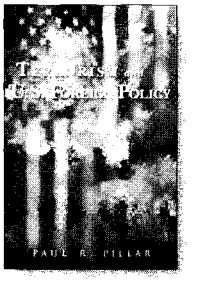

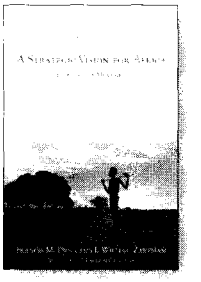
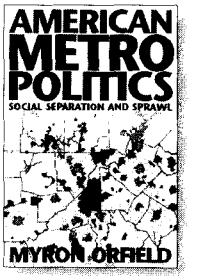

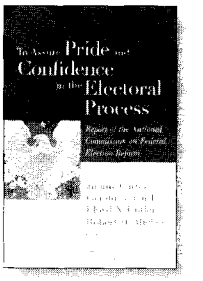

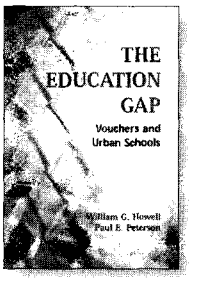

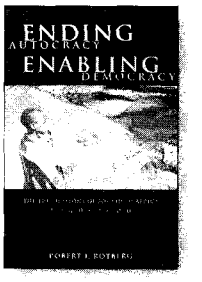

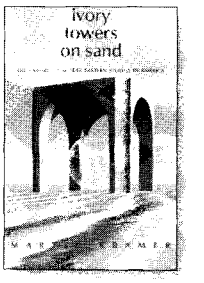

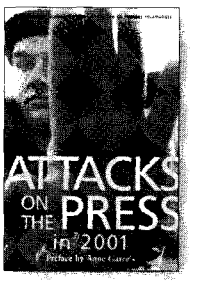

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the weekly Standard

Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch

What was the point of Saudi crown prince Abdullah's trip to Crawford, Texas? Nothing substantial emerged from the so-called summit. The Arabian oil autocrat said nothing at the end of his meeting with President Bush. No new guidelines for the Saudis' increasingly overdue investigation of their citizens' involvement in September 11 and al Qaeda were revealed. Nor did the American side unveil any new agreement for common action on Iraq.

In other words, the U.S.-Saudi summit seemed to be business as usual. And that meant a discreet encounter, with Washington continuing to downplay the abuses of the Saudi regime—namely, its central role in inspiring and funding (or, to be generous, its failure to crack down on Saudi citizens who inspire and fund) anti-Western Islamic extremist terror.

AP/Wide World Photos

The summit was preceded by an amazing article in the *New York Times* that appeared the day of the meeting. Grounded in quotes attributed to a "person familiar with the Crown Prince's thinking," the article, headlined "Saudi to Warn Bush of Rupture Over Israel Policy," was a litany of demands and "blunt messages" and grievances.

The gist: Abdullah would call the tune in Texas. He would sternly admonish Bush to rein in Ariel Sharon or face a renewed oil boycott, an end to Saudi cooperation with the U.S. military, and the threat that the world's most reactionary regime would align itself with Saddam Hussein and other militarist radicals. Saudi Arabia, not the United States, would issue demands.

Why is it that our government must refrain from making demands on our longtime petroleum partner? If we can make demands on Israel, why not on Saudi Arabia? What possible grievances can Riyadh have with us? On September 11, our cities, not theirs, were brutally attacked by 15 of their nationals, not ours. And the corrupt Saudi monarchy does not speak for the Palestinians, except in funding Yasser Arafat's parasitical bureaucracy and the Hamas terror network. Yet the arrival in Texas of Abdullah was preceded by aggressive rhetoric aimed at placing President Bush on the defensive.

And in response, President Bush publicly offered predictable assurances: that he was assured that oil will not be used as a weapon; that Abdullah condemns the murder of American citizens; and that Abdullah opposes bin Laden, wherever the Wahhabi warrior may be hiding. But Abdullah did not, it seems, condemn those on his own territory and in his state media who preach the murder of Americans, and who fund and acclaim the massacre of Jewish and Arab civilians by terror bombers in Israel.

Indeed, the Saudi regime continues to speak out of both sides of its mouth, and the United States continues to maintain a double standard when dealing with Arab states. Ghazi Algosaibi, the Saudi ambassador to London, chose two days before the Crawford chat to post on his embassy's website an insulting defense of his recent "poem" in support of suicide bombing. "While we are on the subject of terrorism," he wrote to a British Jewish group that had complained about his verse, "I am most curious to know

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your view of Samson of the Old Testament. Was he a suicide terrorist?" Meanwhile, Secretary of State Colin Powell affirmed in Senate testimony last week that money raised in a Saudi telethon for Palestinian "martyrs" goes to Hamas.

Surely the American tradition of refraining from publicly making reasonable demands on the Saudi monarchy has outlived whatever usefulness it ever had. There is nothing to be gained by pretending there is no crisis in the relationship, or reassuring ourselves that the royal family is in control, or arguing in the style of countless former diplomats to the kingdom that the United States ought not make demands on the kingdom. The crisis is here. It will not go away.

The Saudi crisis is moral. The country—its religious establishment especially—is deeply implicated in the worst terror attacks of modern times. This has yet to become a crisis of the regime. But it could become one. In the history of such regimes, there is often a single incident that rips the mask away from its true face. For the Saudis, September 11 was such an event.

Sources inside the Saudi kingdom describe Abdullah as wishing to extricate the country from the grip of the radical Wahhabi clerics and their supporters among the princes who control the royal bureaucracy and the main armed forces. If this is the case, it is in the interest of both the United States and Saudi Arabia for the crown prince to prevail. Indeed, if a faction of the Saudi regime is worried about the country's role in September 11, American candor should help that group. The demands should be flowing from Washington to Riyadh, not the other way around. Foremost among them should be a public, detailed, and thorough investigation of Saudi involvement in September 11, beginning with the ideological preparation and continuing with the financing and recruitment of the participants. The investigation should conclude with the arrest and prosecution of any and all Saudi nationals involved in September 11. And it should be complemented by U.S. congressional hearings into the same matter.

Such an investigation is the only hope for the current regime to turn a new page in Saudi history. It would be comparable to Nikita Khrushchev's speech denouncing Stalin's crimes in 1956. American pressure could help reformers in Saudi Arabia bring this about. If, on the other hand, the reformers are too weak to succeed, the United States has no stake in preserving a status quo characterized by the poisonous formula of Saudi money promoting Wahhabi ideology. In either case, it is time for the American government to speak truth to Saudi power.

—*William Kristol*

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Democracy in America

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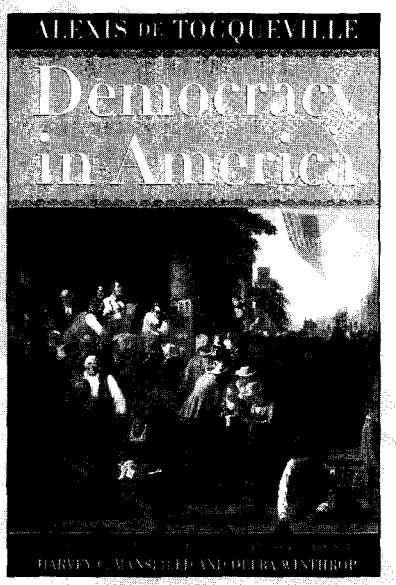

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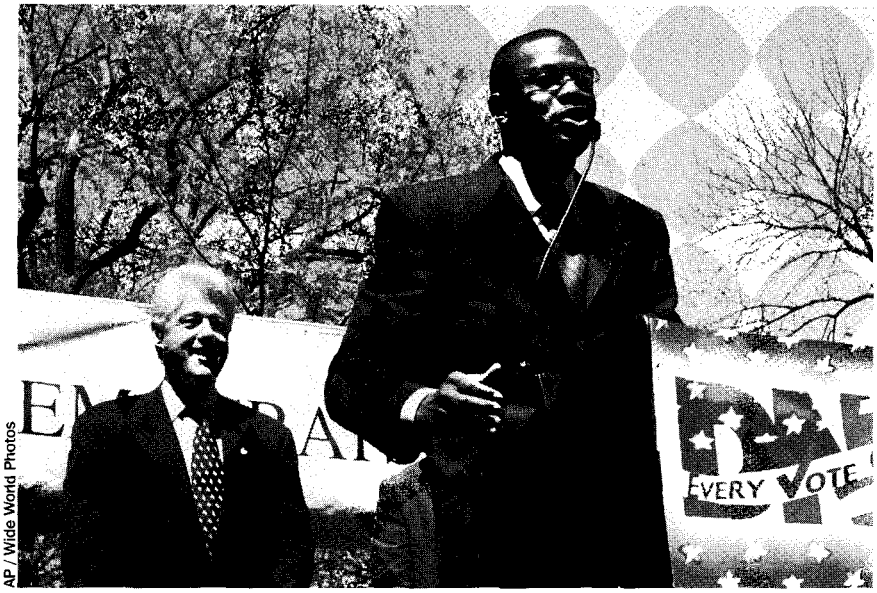
Clinton Night at the Apollo

The Democrats roll out their last president to refight the last election. BY MATT LABASH



AP / Wide World Photos

Comedian Chris Tucker introduces former President Bill Clinton at NYU.

Harlem

WITH 6 MONTHS LEFT until the midterm elections, and 31 months to go before the big dance in 2004, Democrat-watchers can be forgiven their campaign fatigue. It's not that election season has started prematurely, but rather that the 2000 presidential race never ended.

So it appears on April 24, as the Democratic National Committee comes to New York to launch its voter registration drive. In scores of individually tailored efforts, the DNC is targeting everyone from Irish Americans to Pacific Islanders to transgenderists (the coveted she-male vote). But the DNC's marquee events are a rally at New York University and a celebrity concert at Harlem's Apollo Theater, which will feature everyone from Bill Clinton to Michael Jackson. The entire campaign's slug line is "Every Vote Counts," which was, along with its many permutations (Count Every Vote, Every Vote Should Count, Every Count Should Vote), also the war cry of 2000's Florida recount wars.

Students of history may recall that Florida recounts were conducted, a president was sworn in, then more comprehensive recounts were completed by private organizations, whose new recounts largely reaffirmed the original recounts. But who's counting? Certainly not DNC chairman and fund-raising dynamo Terry McAuliffe. Thousands of NYU students have gathered just off Washington Square Park, and McAuliffe personally registers them, as an a cappella group rips through a Michael Jackson medley and the crowd anticipates celebrity arrivals.

The C-list shows first: low-level local functionaries and losing New York mayoral candidate Mark Green. The B-list arrives next: actor/comedian Chris Tucker, star of *Rush Hour*, *Rush Hour 2*, and future star of *Rush Hours 3-thru-10*. The A-list arrives simultaneously: Al Sharpton is introduced, but doesn't immediately show. "Tell him to leave the hotdog cart and come up to the stage," yells one female student, wearing a "Black is Beautiful" button. We are lucky Sharpton is gracing the event with his presence at all, since he was rumored to be boycotting the day for unspecified reasons (one suspects because it has nothing to do with him).

But he finally decides to play team ball, mounting the stage, and even shaking the hand of his bête noire, Mark Green. Before Sharpton can reach the dais, however, he is upstaged by the former president, who sneaks in on Sharpton's intro. Clinton looks much tanner and richer than he did in office, but in typical fashion, he has arrived 30 minutes late for a one-hour rally. No matter, the crowd is packed with homers.

They'll forgive just about anything. They forgive comedian Tucker for plugging his new movie instead of saying anything remotely funny. They forgive Clinton for giving full vent to his midlife crisis, as he jokes that upon first meeting Tucker in the Oval Office when the latter was researching an upcoming role (Tucker will be playing the first black president, Clinton was the first black president), he stood behind Tucker like a dutiful aide. "And now that I'm not president anymore," says a wistful Clinton, "that's what I've been reduced to—a dutiful aide."

The crowd further forgives: the clumsy pandering ("We cannot have a system where wearing a black robe gives you a greater voice in the election than living in the black community," says McAuliffe); the non sequiturs ("If you want to stand up against terrorism, register and vote," says Sharpton); and the insults to their intelligence ("This is not rocket science," says Clinton).

Matt Labash is senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Actually, according to the DNC's voter education materials, it's pretty hard to insult prospective voters' intelligence, since they're not assumed to have much. In one helpful hint, the DNC informs registrants that "You may register and vote even if you cannot read or write" (how an illiterate would read this DNC release to learn that it's all right to remain illiterate is not entirely clear). DNC materials also help prospects with answers to the questions every good citizen should ask, such as, "What is a political party?"

As Clinton works the rope line of admirers, reporters, and admiring reporters, I decide to rough him up a bit, just for old time's sake. Alluding to the recent tabloid stories that have Clinton trysting with Lisa Belzberg, who subsequently split from Matthew Bronfman, the Seagram liquor heir, I ask Clinton as politely as possible how he feels about being credited as a factor in her divorce. He doesn't answer, but instead forces a smile, while fixing me with a gunslinger's glare. Up close, all the clichés are true. He's taller than I expected. When he talks to me, I feel as if I'm the only one in the room. "Who do you work for?" he rasps, before repeating it a few more times. Not wishing to botch my access to that night's Apollo gala, I do what I believe Clinton would do in an identically tight spot. I lie. "The Howard Stern Show," I reply.

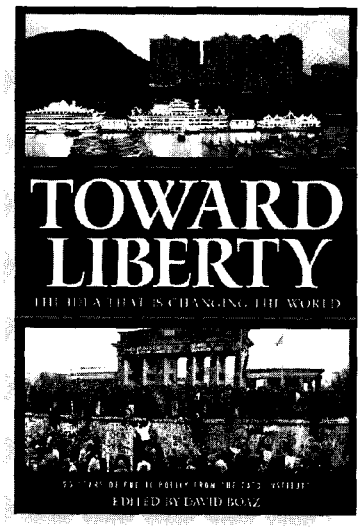
That night, we all meet up again at the storied Apollo, just a few blocks away from Clinton's new Harlem office. On the stage and throughout the theater, black celebrities are thick on the ground. There's Joe Frazier and Johnnie Cochran. Diana Ross stands alongside Michael Jackson, proving once and for all that they're not the same person. In a far corner, anti-obscenity maven C. DeLores Tucker treats a reporter by rapping the lyrics to Lil' Kim's latest fellatio-themed outrage. The rest of the crowd is packed with deep-pocketed, mostly Caucasian Democratic donors. Unless the Van Patten family has performed here, there've probably never been this many white people at the Apollo.

With seats going for $1,000 a throw, McAuliffe, the "Every Vote Counts" concert's architect, wisely decides to keep the theater's bar open. The bartender and I discuss the pedophilia theme that has unintentionally emerged. Not only is Michael Jackson, who's been accused of molesting a 13-year-old boy, headlining. But the Harlem Boys Choir, which has just seen its counseling director charged with fondling a 13-year-old boy, is also on the bill. If McAuliffe added a film tribute to Roman Polanski (who pleaded guilty to having sex with a 13-year-old girl), he could turn this into the "Leave Your 13-year-olds At Home" revue.

Say this for the DNC chair, however, his entertainment is top-shelf. ("Republicans can't even have concerts because who would they have perform?" he gloats. "I mean no offense if Lawrence Welk is still alive.") There's no Oak Ridge Boys or Ricky Martin here. Only Grade A quality: the salsa stylings of Ruben Blades, the old-world swing of Tony Bennett, the Dance Theater of Harlem, whose lithe, nubile dancers, during a jiggly performance to James Brown's "Mother Popcorn," seem to be attempting eye-sex with Bill Clinton in the second row.

The King of Pop, or as the Brits call him, "Wacko Jacko," also doesn't disappoint. Though his latest album has tanked and he's now resorting to playing political fund-raisers, Jackson remains unaffected by fickle tastes and rhinoplasty setbacks: His showmanship is intact. Even when lip-synching several of his more lackluster songs, he provides a visual feast of fire-shooting, glitter-raining, crotch-grabbing fun. Always mindful to leave them wanting more, Jackson signs off with a lachrymose we-are-the-world style number in which he is surrounded by a rainbow coalition of children (which he briskly shepherds backstage). The audience expects more Michael than it's gotten, and chants to that effect. But my seatmate,

25 Years of Change



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Salon's Jake Tapper, seems to have it right: "He just walked off with 30 children. He's not coming back—for him, that's a backstage Baskin-Robbins."

Back in the press tent, McAuliffe spins reporters with the fevered intensity of an infomercial pitchman. Republicans, it seems, are responsible for causing everything from the recession to lower back pain. One expects paid party hacks to speak this way, but even by those dismal standards, McAuliffe demonstrates his willingness to say anything. "We won the last three presidential elections," he proffers. The Bush administration is rife with polluters, and whether they're "putting more arsenic in our water or more salmonella in our hamburgers, people have had enough of it." Sure, Bush is commander in chief and has done a decent job in the war on terrorism (though Gore would've done better). But, warns McAuliffe, "people fought and died for the right to vote in this country, and I'll be damned if I let one Republican take that vote away."

There's something terribly November 2000 about his whole line. Even Gore's old campaign manager William Daley (whose father was a fan of counting every vote, often two or three times) has said, "Do people care anymore? I don't think they do." But with Republicans largely forsaking a domestic agenda to coast on war-on-terrorism fumes, and with Democrats casting about for a new message to get on-message about (so desperately that their leadership recently sent letters to cable executives begging for more television coverage), the most forceful voice at the moment seems to be McAuliffe's. It's not every day that 300 media organizations flock to Harlem to cover a voter-registration-themed fund-raiser.

And as retro as his message is, there are signs that it's regaining traction. At the media-tent buffet, a full-bodied cameraman sinks his teeth into a tortilla wrap. Chewing thoughtfully, he offers a verdict: "This is Democratic food. If it was Republican, it would be rat poison." ♦

Hegemony, Not Empire

How the *pax Americana* differs from the *pax Romana*. BY KIMBERLY KAGAN

CRITICS OF THE United States have long called it imperialistic and compared its "empire" to those of the European colonial powers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Now, however, some American thinkers lay proud (or reluctant) claim to the title of empire. They compare the United States admiringly to ancient Rome, forger and protector of the rule of law, peace, and prosperity. Some of them say America already is such an empire, while others urge it to become one. But in fact, the United States is not an empire at all, and the analogy with Rome is deceptive and misleading.

Consider Rome at the height of the *pax Romana*, the reign of Trajan (A.D. 98-117), when no other state could challenge its military might. The great bulk of the empire had been conquered by force, destroying the independence and autonomy of the conquered lands. During Trajan's reign, the Roman state directly administered territories from Britain to Palestine, from Spain to Turkey. The emperor sent governors into every province. These governors collected taxes, administered justice, and conscripted provincials into the Roman army. The state could requisition goods and services from private individuals. The Roman army permanently occupied garrisons in every province.

These troops not only protected and expanded the borders of the empire, but also policed its residents. These people were not citizens of the Roman state, so they did not enjoy full legal rights or the opportunity to hold public office in the imperial administration. In contrast to provincials, Roman citizens paid no direct taxes. The peaceful conditions of the Roman Empire fostered economic prosperity and order, but these benefits came at a price: the highly intrusive presence of the Roman state in the life of the average provincial person.

The *pax Americana* differs fundamentally from the *pax Romana*. With the exception of three possessions, American Samoa, Guam, and the U.S. Virgin Islands, the United States treats no nations as protectorates, let alone incorporates them and places them directly under its power. However great its ability to project military force around the globe, the United States does not maintain garrisons in every foreign territory where its interests lie. Nor does it use its military power to establish American jurisdiction over those territories.

American policymakers have a fundamentally different goal from Roman emperors. The United States seeks to maintain a peaceful world in which conflict between or within states is settled without recourse to violence. The Roman Empire in the time of Trajan had all but eliminated small states from the Mediterranean world. There were no longer conflicts among states to settle by military or diplomatic means. Rome stood alone with the Parthian (later the Persian) Empire, with which it fought occasionally for control over territory.

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America, by contrast, works hard to preserve small states.

Another aspect of the *pax Romana* was Roman leaders' policy of exporting Roman culture—the Latin language, monumental architecture, and certain civic values—to the provinces in order to enhance the state's control over those areas. Provincial elites often adopted and promoted outward symbols of Roman dominance in order to obtain favor, and ultimately power, within the Roman administration. Today, American culture is pervasive, but foreigners adopt its outward signs—speaking English, wearing blue jeans—not to gain power within America, but to emulate and participate in our extraordinary economic and political success. Precisely because we do not administer foreign territories, we do not engage in cultural imperialism in the Roman sense.

Rome, of course, did not always directly control foreign states. Earlier, during the Republic, the Romans constantly fought rival states, but without at first annexing them as provinces. A few writers liken American power after the Cold War to that of the Roman Republic at its height, after the defeat of Carthage in 201 B.C. or after the elimination of regional rivals in the Eastern Mediterranean in 129 B.C. They suggest that the United States is on the brink of establishing unrivalled control over the world as we know it, and that, like the Romans, we are determined to conduct our foreign policy so as to organize that world to suit our interests.

Yet the mechanism of republican Roman foreign policy was very different from America's now. Rome declared war on states whose interests threatened its own. Once it had defeated them, Rome despoiled its enemies, levied an annual tribute, enslaved captives, and compelled them to pursue Rome's foreign policy goals. Even a "friend and ally" of the Roman people had no scope for independent action in foreign affairs. The Romans actually took land from one longtime ally that attempted to negotiate a peace between Rome and a mutual enemy. (Imagine the United States punishing England militarily for proposing peace negotiations!) During the Republic, the Romans sought to subordinate the foreign policies of all other states, enemies and allies alike, to its own, so that no state could conduct an independent foreign policy.

This is not true of America today. America seeks to prevent states from attempting through violence to organize the world contrary to its interests, but it does not prevent even its enemies from allying with one another to pursue their interests, as long as those do not lead to conflict with the United States. Nor does it control its allies' policies vis-à-vis each other. Above all, the Romans were not merely willing, but usually eager, to use their military power for conquest and domination, whereas America is habitually reluctant to contemplate the use of force even in defense of its own interests.

The Romans were usually eager to use their military power for conquest, whereas America is habitually reluctant to use force.

As the United States is engaged neither in controlling the policies of other states, nor in administering them, to call it an empire is inaccurate, and also harmful to American interests. It invites the criticism that is justly made of states, like Rome from the late Republic onward, that have sought to impose their rule on others. Such domination was intended partly to achieve security, but also to accomplish the conquest of new lands, adding to the power, wealth, and glory of the imperial state.

The *pax Americana* is different from the *pax Romana*. America does not directly control small states, such as Bosnia or Afghanistan. It does not send governors, impose its laws, levy taxes, conscript soldiers, or permanently garrison its military forces abroad. In its foreign policy, America is not an empire, but a hegemon. "Hegemon" is the Greek word meaning leader. Most of the time America is a reluctant leader that needs to be persuaded to intervene, usually by the representatives of a troubled people. The difference is important. America —in Bosnia, in Korea, in Afghanistan—aims to secure its interests by preventing other states (or people protected by states) from overturning the international order by acts of violence. America is engaged in building infrastructures within independent states that will assist in the creation of peaceful, democratic, and independent regimes.

Hegemony is more complicated than empire. It is fairly easy for a state with overwhelming military resources to behave as Rome did: to fight its enemies without hesitation, impose peace terms, occupy lands with military forces, and ultimately establish its own administration to eliminate the threat of continued hostility. Rome's allies followed its policies without question for fear of being crushed. America's hegemonic role is much more difficult. The United States does not attack all of its potential enemies. It must persuade its allies to support its policies. It aims not to control disorderly regions, but to help those regions regain stability and then rule themselves. We must engage in military activities around the world to secure American interests, but we must also recognize the limits of American ambition and the unique position in world history that America now occupies.

The *pax Americana* is the peace established by a leader of free peoples, not the control of an empire of subjects. We should embrace our hegemony in all of its complexity and difficulty, precisely because it rests on the principles of democracy and sovereignty rather than on those of autocracy and subjugation. ♦

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Talent to Win?

Can Republican Jim Talent beat Sen. Jean Carnahan in Missouri? BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

Jefferson City, Mo.

A LOW-PITCHED BUZZ hums from the lavender neon sign promoting the "Capital Ritz" banquet hall and dance studio in Cole County, Missouri. It's the perfect venue for a gathering of local Republican activists—with mirrors lining the studio walls, the group of maybe 150 looks several times larger. A couple of one-person TV news operations set up cameras near the front of the room to await the arrival of Jim Talent, the GOP candidate for the Senate.

Although Cole County is home to the state's capital, Jefferson City, it is largely rural and, like most outlying Missouri counties, has steadily become more Republican over the past two decades. Talent, a former congressman from St. Louis who is challenging Democratic incumbent Jean Carnahan, shouldn't have much trouble winning here in November. But the size of his winning margins in rural counties like Cole may well determine who wins the race. In 2000, both President Bush and former senator John Ashcroft won rural Missouri—home to nearly half of the state's voters—in convincing fashion, with 3-to-1 margins in some counties. Talent, in his unsuccessful gubernatorial bid that same year, also swept most of rural Missouri. But not as impressively. He'll have to do much better this time to displace Carnahan.

The Missouri race will be one of the most closely watched Senate contests this year, because the current 50-49-1 balance of power means control of the chamber is up for grabs, and surveys earlier this year by Talent's campaign and a Democratic polling firm show this race as a dead heat. What's more, Mrs. Carnahan was appointed to the seat after her husband, who died in a plane crash three weeks before Election Day, posthumously defeated John Ashcroft. She thus enters the race as an incumbent senator who has never before run for political office. Indeed, she assails Talent as "a professional politician."

Sure enough, with more than six months until Election Day, Talent has already visited nearly half of Missouri's 114 counties. It is an exhausting pace befitting a race that both national parties call one of their highest priorities. "I have never been more determined to do anything in my life than to win this Senate race," he says.

If Carnahan shares that intensity, it is not yet reflected in her schedule. The "campaign calendar" on her website lists no upcoming events. Even her campaign announcement was something of an afterthought. She dropped the news when asked by a reporter. By that time, most observers assumed she would run, because Carnahan boasted robust fund-raising totals last year.

But a Carnahan spokesman says it's too early to start campaigning. "Senator Carnahan makes no apologies about doing her job in the Senate," says Dan Leistikow. "There will be plenty of time for campaigning later in the fall, after the primaries."

The race is one of several Midwest Senate contests—along with those in Minnesota, Iowa, and South Dakota—that will be among the most fiercely fought battles this election season. President Bush has visited Missouri twice this year—once on official duties in January and again for a Talent fund-raiser last month—and he has dispatched family members and top staff. Talent collected $450,000 at the fund-raiser featuring Bush, a sum that helped him outraise Carnahan in the first quarter of the year. (Carnahan still leads Talent $3.5 million to $2.1 million in cash-on-hand.) And in a sign of the White House's willingness to help, Bush used the fund-raiser to take a shot at Carnahan's record. He scolded her for helping to dilute a get-tough election reform bill pushed by Missouri's senior senator, Kit Bond. "Half of the senators understand what he's trying to do," Bush said, referring to Bond's efforts to promote clean elections. "It seems like one out of the two senators from Missouri understands that."

Bush made his criticism gently, without naming Carnahan. But among Missouri Republicans election reform remains a sensitive issue. And it's one of many ways in which the bizarre events of the 2000 election in this state will influence the race.

Bond's interest in election reform intensified on Election Day 2000, when a federal judge ordered polls in St. Louis to stay open beyond their advertised 7 P.M. closing. Shortly after that decision, voters in the city began receiving pre-recorded messages from Jesse Jackson alerting them to the late closing time and encouraging them to head to the polls. By the time a second judge ordered the polls closed, thousands of additional votes had been cast. Although those shenanigans were overshadowed nationally by the presidential debacle in Florida, they have received close attention in the local press, thanks in part to scrutiny from Missouri's Republican secretary of state, Matt Blunt. Just as Florida Democrats hope to capitalize this year on the perception that Al Gore was wronged in their state, Missouri Republicans are juiced about payback in 2002.

The most obvious residual effect of the last election, of course, is the fact that there is a Senate race at all, a special election to determine who will fill out the remaining four years of Mel Carnahan's term. When the late governor defeated Ashcroft, many Republicans urged Ashcroft to challenge the outcome, based on a requirement that senators must be living in the state at

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the time of their election. Ashcroft, who suspended his campaign immediately upon hearing the news of the plane crash, refused. The day after the election, he offered a gracious and emotional concession to Mrs. Carnahan. "I hope the outcome of this election is a matter of comfort to Mrs. Carnahan," he said. "Missouri is a compassionate state, and I think, in a very special way, [voters] have demonstrated their compassion."

The tragic and unusual end to what had been a bitter Senate race also distracted attention from the relatively civil contest for governor that saw Talent lose to low-key state treasurer Bob Holden by just 20,000 votes. That Missouri remained one of the most closely contested states in the waning days of the presidential election further obscured the gubernatorial campaign.

And for all that has happened in the 15 months since Carnahan took office, Republicans attending the party's "Cole County Lincoln Days" celebration seemed most focused on the vote Carnahan cast shortly after she was sworn in to turn down John Ashcroft's nomination to be attorney general.

"If you want to get an applause line in rural Missouri, just mention Mrs. Carnahan's 'no' vote on Ashcroft," says Patricia "Pat" Secrest, a Republican state representative who is already campaigning across the state for her lieutenant governor's race in 2004. "She didn't even extend him senatorial courtesy, even after the courtesy he extended her by not challenging the results. She went to the Senate with absolutely no record, and that was her first big vote. People here remember that vote."

Talent didn't use that applause line at the Capital Ritz, but he agrees that it will be an issue in the campaign. "Mrs. Carnahan's going to have to explain that vote," he says. "I find it inexplicable. To say that he's not qualified to be attorney general is a slap in the face of the Missouri voters who elected him here five times."

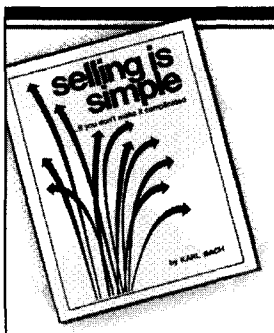
One of the few major issues not stemming from the 2000 election is Carnahan's decision to oppose a permanent repeal of the inheritance tax (now better known, perhaps, as the "death tax"). Carnahan voted for President Bush's overall tax package. But those tax cuts, including the death-tax repeal, will expire in 10 years. The White House has pushed for a vote that would make permanent all of the provisions of the tax bill, but Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle says he won't permit such a vote. Last week, however, as part of a deal to consider energy legislation, Senate Democrats agreed to allow a floor vote on the elimination of the death tax.

Carnahan has already voted against the measure once. But supporters of the bill, who say they have 58 of the 60 votes necessary to make their effort filibuster-proof, see her as "persuadable."

They may be disappointed to hear the language coming from her campaign on the issue, which is technically noncommittal, but echoes Daschle's arguments against permanence. "Last year, Senator Carnahan worked with President Bush and members of both parties to provide meaningful tax relief, including estate tax relief," says Leistikow, her campaign spokesman. "While no bill has yet been offered, she is supportive of providing estate tax relief for family farmers and small businesses while maintaining our commitments to Social Security and Medicare."

Talent is pleased that Carnahan will have to formally register her position on that issue a second time. "It's one of the dumbest of all federal taxes," he says. "It punishes people for doing exactly what we want them to do—save and take care of their families. There's a time when you have to stand up to your party and say, 'What you're doing is nuts!' She hasn't done that."

If she thinks Talent can beat her, perhaps she will. ♦



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Liberté, Egalité, Judéophobie

Why Le Pen is the least of France's problems

By Christopher Caldwell

Strasbourg, France

The atmosphere of the first round of France's presidential election was captured by candidate François Bayrou's visit to Strasbourg on April 9. Bayrou, who represents Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's center-right Union of French Democracy (UDF), was scheduled to visit a new mayoral sub-office on Strasbourg's outskirts with the city's elegant, Berkeley-educated UDF mayor, Fabienne Keller. Bayrou got hung up campaigning in another city. While Keller waited for him, she was surrounded by a mob of *jeunes des banlieues*—or "suburban youth." This is the euphemism the French use for residents of the crime-infested ring of high-rise housing projects (HLMs) that were built on the outskirts of all French cities in the 1960s and '70s.

The "youth," all of them *beurs*, or Muslims of North African descent, were staging an orchestrated protest against Bayrou, who as education minister in the mid-1990s had opposed letting Muslim girls wear the *hijab*, the Muslim headscarf, to public schools. But Keller was a convenient stand-in. They shouted insults and obscenities at her, one of them threatening (according to an account I was too embarrassed to ask the mayor to confirm specifically when I interviewed her days later) to take a razor to her private parts. When Bayrou arrived, the two went inside for meetings, and the crowd began to pelt the new building with stones, and howl what was really on their minds. First, "Why did you ban the headscarf!" And second, "F—off! We don't want to live anymore in a country that has Jews in it!"

Bayrou emerged from the building while the stones were still flying and told the mob, "Talk about Jews that way today, and you may find people talking about young Muslims the same way tomorrow." At some point during Bayrou's visit, an 11-year-old boy jostled up against him and tried to pick his pocket. Bayrou, heedless that the cameras were running, slapped the kid in the face.

Politicians of the left tried to make hay of the incident, using it to paint Bayrou as some kind of fogey, and themselves as hip to the country's new and "vibrant" youth culture. "Heck, I live in the suburbs, and no one's ever tried to pick *my* pockets," said Communist party presidential candidate Robert Hue. "Me neither," added Socialist prime minister Lionel Jospin, also running for president. The French public didn't see it that way. The more the Bayrou slap played on national television, the higher Bayrou's poll numbers rose—as he was seen as willing to support an assertion of authority against the country's lawless youths. He emerged from deep in the pack of 16 presidential candidates to finish a respectable fourth place, just behind Lionel Jospin. To the extent that he mentioned crime at all (and he never did, preferring the euphemism *insécurité*), Jospin evinced a la-di-da attitude that dropped him to third place and ended his political career.

As French students by the hundreds of thousands stage protest marches across the country, pretty much the entire world knows the result of the first round of the French election. Jacques Chirac, the conservative sitting president, goes into a runoff on May 5 against not Jospin but Jean-Marie Le Pen, leader of the country's fascistic National Front. Le Pen has built his career mimicking the oratory of the rightists who collaborated with Nazi Germany in World War II. He has been a consistent foe of immigration and a practitioner of nudge-nudge, wink-wink cracks against Jews. In the past decade he has added rage against America and the global economy to his oratorical repertory. He is a goon and a gangster, but he had little need to raise divisive issues in the first round. France now has 4,244 crimes per 100,000 residents annually, according to European Union statistics, making it a higher-crime society than even the long-belittled United States. During a week when the top story on tabloid TV was the bloody beating of an 80-year-old man in sleepy Orléans by a gang

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of *beurs* who had invaded his house, Le Pen focused, as did Chirac, on the dramatic upsurge in violence over the past decade.

But while crime was what brought voters to the polls, France has an even more ominous problem: a wave of attacks and threats against the country's 700,000 Jews that is unprecedented in the last half century of European history. It includes what Rabbi Abraham Cooper of the Simon Wiesenthal Center describes as "the largest onslaught against European synagogues and Jewish schools since Kristallnacht" in 1938. What is surprising and confusing in all of this is that the "new anti-Semitism" in France is a phenomenon of the left. It has practically nothing to do with Le Pen. In fact, its most dangerous practitioners are to be found among the very crowds thronging the streets to protest him.

"In Paris as in Gaza—Intifada!"

The outbreak began in September 2000, in the days after Palestinians launched the "second intifada" against Israel. The first attacks included firebombings of synagogues in Paris, Villepinte, Creil, Lyons, Ulis (badly damaged), and Trappes (burned to the ground), and other Jewish buildings (high schools, kosher restaurants) throughout France; desecrations of synagogues and cemeteries; widespread stonings of Jews leaving Sabbath worship, death threats, bomb threats, and Nazi and Islamist graffiti of every description: swastikas, "Hitler was right," "F— Your Mother, Jews" (*Nique ta mère les juifs*—a slogan so commonplace that it now appears more usually as *NTM les juifs*), "Death to the Jews," and "In Paris as in Gaza—Intifada!"

Such slogans, particularly the last, now get chanted routinely at pro-Palestinian rallies in Paris and elsewhere. (As do hymns to Osama bin Laden, according to reports of last October's pro-Palestinian march in Paris.) Anti-Jewish violence has indeed tracked the progress of the intifada, rising during violent periods in the Middle East and falling during truces. There was also a spike after September 11; on the following Sabbath alone, worshippers were stoned at synagogues in Clichy, Garges-lès-Gonesse, and Massy; gangs sought to storm a synagogue in Villepinte; and shots were fired outside a Jewish association in Paris. But if it has slowed at times, the cascade of such incidents has never stopped, even for a week, in the last 19 months. At the turn of this year, the League of French Jewish Students and the watchdog agency SOS Racism compiled a list of 406 such incidents.

After Israel's attack on terrorist camps in Jenin and elsewhere, the violence exploded to unheard-of proportions. Over Passover weekend last month, a bomb was found in a cemetery in Schiltigheim, outside Strasbourg, and three synagogues were burned. The authorities seemed to be waking up. While it took 12 days for any national official to even comment on the October 2000 attacks, this time the Ministry of the Interior issued a report showing 395 anti-Jewish incidents in the first half of April alone. Almost two-thirds of these involved graffiti, but the others were more serious, including 16 physical assaults and 14 more firebombings. The Wiesenthal Center circulated an advisory urging Jewish travelers to France to exercise "extreme caution."

What has been most shocking to the Jews of France is that the political class of their country, which has an anti-racism establishment to rival any in the world, has been largely silent about their plight. When a Jewish cemetery was defiled at Carpentras in May 1990, and right-wing extremists were (wrongly) suspected of the misdeed, there was a mass demonstration in Paris. Between a quarter and a half million people marched, and President François Mitterrand marched with them—the only demonstration he attended in his presidency.

Yet Jacques Chirac recently announced in front of Israeli foreign minister Shimon Peres that "There is no anti-Semitism and no anti-Semites in France." Every French politician interviewed for this article said pretty much the same. Strasbourg mayor Fabienne Keller says: "There is no significant anti-Semitism." Her deputy mayor Robert Grossmann says: "There is no active anti-Semitism." How can they say this with a straight face?

Not Your Father's Nazism

One innocent explanation would be that French society has suited up to do battle with the anti-Semitism of 70 years ago, and simply doesn't recognize any other kind. The new anti-Semites are not German-speaking militarists—who were conquered. They are not Catholic traditionalists—whose anti-Semitism rested on doctrines no longer asserted by Catholicism, which, in any case, is a religion the French no longer practice. As such, the French lack the imagination to see that the new anti-Semites—who are primarily radical Muslims—are anti-Semites at all. "Your father's Nazism is dead," says the political scientist Alexandre Del Valle. "It exists in the heads of three or four alcoholic skinheads." In other words, the new anti-Semitism is not coming from the right.

"The danger that looms over the Jewish community is not the danger that threatened us before," says Gilles William Goldnadel, author of an acute study of recent anti-Semitism, *The New Breviary of Hatred*. Goldnadel told a crowd at a B'nai B'rith Center in Paris's sixth arrondissement a few nights before the election, "Worry about the right has turned out to be a decoy—in the military sense—to distract us from the real danger. French anti-racists have

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been parsing the tiniest dictum of Le Pen, while Jewish blood has been spilled by the left in Athens, Istanbul, Rome, Vienna, and Paris." (Particularly by Palestinian terrorists.) There are indications that the government, too, is looking at the wrong target. By the turn of this year, 60 people had been questioned for the hundreds of acts of intimidation. "Only 5 were subject to legal proceedings, being far Right," according to a report prepared by Shimon Samuels of the Wiesenthal Center. "As if the others were not really anti-Semitic and their exactions not just as serious."

There's another way that French politicians can deny that what they are dealing with is an outbreak of anti-Semitism. That is, in the philosopher Pierre-André Taguïeff's memorable phrase, to "dissolve the anti-Jewish acts in a rising tide of delinquency." French foreign minister Hubert Védrine told the Wiesenthal Center last June that the anti-Jewish acts were a matter of "suburban hooliganism." (He continues to hold that view.) The French ambassador to Israel, Jacques Huntzinger, called them "only part of the general violence manifested by marginal youth in France."

Since France's foreign policy has for the past half decade been built around its role as a force that would "tame" or "bridle" Anglo-Saxon capitalism, it was clearly an embarrassment that the country was unable to bridle anti-Semitic violence in its own backyard. Ignoring anti-Semitism has the advantage of allowing French politicians to proceed as if nothing has happened. In the first weeks of April, while the worst acts of aggression were occurring, Socialist culture minister Catherine Tasca led a march against the "threat" emanating from Italy's conservative prime minister Silvio Berlusconi, and Jospin warned that Berlusconi could serve as a model for his rival Chirac. (Jospin's suggestions for stopping the actual anti-Semitism, meanwhile, went no further than a generalized crime initiative, the highlight of which was a proposal to reduce the number of shotguns a hunter could legally own from 12 to 6.) In the course of the campaign, only 3 of the 16 candidates—Bayrou, the free-marketer Alain Madelin, and the centrist Corinne LePage—condemned the acts unconditionally.

And this unwillingness to call a spade a spade trickled down. The three boys who burned the synagogue at Montpellier—identified as "Morad," "Jamel," and "Hakim"—denied being anti-Semites, and so did those around them. Everyone interviewed about them in the news was content to call them "classic delinquents." The prosecutor described them as "like a lot of petty delinquents, animated by a spirit of revenge, who try to ennoble their excesses by using a political discourse." This seems to apply to all synagogue-burners, if we're to believe the representative from the local office of the mutual-aid society Cimade, who said, "In Montpellier—as in [the synagogue-burning at] Nîmes—more and more kids from the projects are identifying the victimization of the Palestinians with their own. It's a simplistic thing, it's not really an ideology."

This would seem to be immunity on grounds of animality—or at least on grounds of ignorance. Such an understanding appalls Goldnadel. "Delinquents?" he asks. "All anti-Semitic thugs are delinquents. Who do they think was burning down Jews' houses on the Russian steppes a hundred years ago? Disgruntled architects?" And with immunity comes impunity. In January, the young men who had vandalized a synagogue in Créteil, outside Paris, were convicted of "general violence" and given a sentence of three months—suspended.

Benladenisation des banlieues

The Jewish attacks—it should be plain by now—are the work of the Muslim minority in France. Let no one doubt the delinquency, though. These neighborhoods are becoming single-race areas, inhabited by North African immigrants and their second- and third-generation descendants. They are zones of drug-dealing, political apathy, unemployment (which stands over 35 percent in such places), and violence. Hence law-enforcement agents, mayors, and politicians refer to the most violent among them as *zones de non-droit* ("lawless areas"), where even the police won't go, except maybe in daylight hours to remove a body. Public powers are resisted with force, and not just the police, who have been targeted for killing by organized "anti-cop brigades." Even firemen, long a beloved class of public servants in France, have been assaulted in housing projects surrounding Paris.

Law enforcement is under-equipped to handle such a challenge. France is supposed to be "the most policed country in Europe," with 130,000 officers—but most of those, thanks largely to a strong union, are employed in administrative or non-beat tasks, with only 10,000 or so available for duty at any given time. According to an exposé in *Le Point* this spring, units from chilly Normandy are even detailed to the Côte d'Azur to help "reinforce" the beaches there. When police do succeed in making arrests, liberal judges often set criminals free, and 37 percent of sentences passed are not even carried out, according to André-Michel Ventre, secretary-general of the police chiefs' union.

In fact, it would be accurate to describe "suburban" as the French equivalent of the American adjective "inner-city," except for one difference. France's HLMs and other "sensitive neighborhoods" have become missionary fields for professional *re-islamisateurs*—proselytizers, usually financed by Saudi Arabia (which occasionally uses Algerian foundations as a pass-through for its funding) or Iran,

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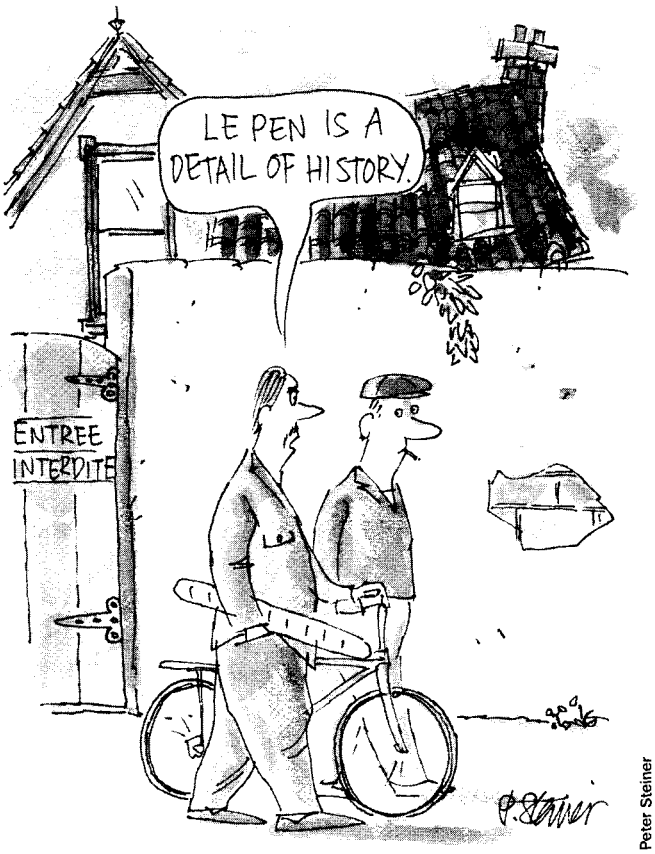
and sometimes by fundamentalist groups in London. These seek to woo young people of Islamic background to a radical political understanding of Islam.

It is such proselytizing that has led to what French people call *la benladenisation des banlieues*, the most famous alumnus of which is Zacarias Moussaoui. But he's not alone. The "Arab" suicide bomber who—to protest Arab countries' "preventing their people from launching jihad against the Jews"—blew up a truck full of explosives in front of a synagogue in Tunisia on April 11, killing a dozen German tourists and six others, was a Franco-Tunisian named Nizar Nawar. His family lives in Lyons, where his uncle, too, was arrested in connection with the attack. One of the four terrorists on trial for trying to blow up Strasbourg's synagogue last year has long lived in France. September 11 saw West Bank-style rejoicing incidents in some Arab neighborhoods. There was also a spectacular terrorist incident a week before. On September 2 in the town of Béziers, along the Belgian border, a hoodlum named Safir Bghouia attacked a group of police with a shoulder-held rocket launcher, phoned in death threats to local officials, machine-gunned the local police constabulary, and executed the town's deputy mayor, before he himself was shot dead the next day, dressed in white and howling that he was a "son of Allah."



Peter Steiner

With London its only rival, Paris is the media and intellectual capital of the Arab world, much as Miami is capital of the Hispanic world. As a result, beyond terrorism, the weight of fundamentalist Islam—and the anti-Semitism that goes along with it—is making itself felt in ordinary French life. According to the literary scholar Eric Marty, one professor of literature at the University of Paris was unable to teach the works of Primo Levi (including the Auschwitz memoir *If This Is a Man*), because his Arab students booed him out of the classroom. "Kenza," a young *beurette* who was on the French reality-TV show *Loft Story* (a sort of NC-17-rated equivalent of *Survivor*), complains that she got kicked off the show last season because "television is controlled by the Jews." A friend of mine was working out at his gym near Strasbourg and got to talking with a friendly *beur* about British prime minister Tony Blair. "Don't believe anything Blair says," the man told my friend. "Don't you know his real name is actually Bloch?" (Bloch is a common Alsatian Jewish surname.)

That is not the whole story of Arabo-Muslim France, of course. Claude Imbert, editor of *Le Point*, admits that French immigration was badly handled under the Socialist presidency of François Mitterrand, but remains "a resolute partisan of immigration." He notes that *beurs* are among France's most dynamic entrepreneurs. "They're the only ones who have the American-style careers we need," he says. "Taking a pizza delivery with one car and turning it into a big company—that sort of thing." There are others who have courageously stood up against the Islamist wave, like Rachid Kaci, a mayoral aide in Sannois who appeared at a Jewish colloquium east of Paris in mid-April to say, "You have my total solidarity to fight by your side against this new fascism." Kaci urges an Islam cut off from foreign influences, following somewhat the message of Tunisian novelist Abdelwahab Meddeb's cri de coeur, *The Sickness of Islam*.

And others are seeking to make Islam more open to all Muslims, and more transparent in its sources of funding. That includes Strasbourg's mayor Fabienne Keller, who has put on hold a hard-line, Saudi-sponsored mosque project that was approved by the outgoing Socialist mayor (and Jospin's culture minister) Catherine Trautmann, despite the involvement of foundations that now appear on the U.S. government's terrorist blacklist. In general, France is seeking to create an Islam that is in harmony with the country's secular traditions, which is wholly admirable. Unfortunately, that kind of Islam is going to have to be invented, since it has never existed in 1,300 years. It may, indeed, be a logical contradiction. And it is certainly some-

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thing that the more radical among France's 6 million to 9 million Muslims—who make up close to half the population of the young in the country's cities, and have a birthrate that outstrips that of non-Muslims by 3-to-1—have no reason to work for.

Which brings us to the real reason the French don't think they have a problem with anti-Semitism, and the reason they're wrong.

Judéophobie

Pierre-André Taguïeff, director of research at the Center for the Study of French Political Life (Cevipof), has just published a book called *The New Judeophobia* (*La Nouvelle judéophobie*, Mille et une nuits, 234 pages, 12 Euros), which lays it out. The ideology on which the new anti-Semitism rests is largely imported. It has its roots in the anti-Western paranoia that all Americans will recognize (without being able to explain) from the banners carried in the Iranian revolution. It is a hybrid of apocalyptic Islam and pre-Nazi Western anti-Semitism of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* type. Taguïeff resists the term "anti-Semitism." First, because, as Bernard Lewis has shown, "Semitic" is a linguistic and not a racial term, allowing people to play inane word games with what is happening in France. ("The *jeunes* / Hamas / Hezbollah can't be anti-Semitic," one reads almost daily in the French press. "They're Semites themselves!") Second, because anti-Semitism is a racial ideology, and today's Jew-hatred is not really a racial ideology. That is why, Taguïeff argues, it is so often found in tandem with anti-Americanism.

Taguïeff's book is brilliant, and extraordinarily well sourced, and will convince any reader who is not already dug in on Middle Eastern questions. It has also infuriated the French intellectuals at whom it is aimed, because Taguïeff's claim is that the two pillars of the new anti-Semitism are anti-Zionism and Holocaust denial. He's right, but this requires some explaining.

The first infuriates the French because they are largely anti-Zionist, to the extent that the word can be used to mean antipathetic to Israel's interests and sympathetic to those of its enemies. Whereas Americans sympathize with Israel in the Middle East conflict by a margin of 41-13, according to a recent *Economist* poll, the French sympathize with the Palestinians over Israel by the widest margin in Europe, 36-19. What's more, the Middle East conflict has become an absolute obsession among the left-wing intelligentsia, of the sort you'd have to sit in a Socialist party hangout in Strasbourg on a Friday night to believe.

Doesn't the citizen of a free country have a right to back whatever side he wants in a foreign war? Of course he does. "Even among Jews," as William Goldnadel says, "You don't have to be a self-hating Jew to view the destiny of the Jews as living in the Diaspora." That's not Taguïeff's target. What he is talking about is "mythic anti-Zionism," which treats Zionism as *absolute evil*, against which only absolute warfare can be raised. In this understanding, Zionism constitutes not just racism but the *ne plus ultra* of racism.

This is a vision that the French—particularly given the French left's obsession with race, and their history of romantic attachments to Third World guerrillas—are in danger of embracing. The philosopher Alain Finkielkraut notes that, in France, "support for the Palestinian cause is not shaken but reinforced by the indiscriminate violence of Palestinians." In particular danger of embracing this Manichaean view of the Arab-Israel conflict are those who support Third-Worldism, neo-communism, and neo-leftism, whom Taguïeff lumps together as the "anti-globalization movement." The Chomskyites, . . . the people who think *Empire* is a good book. If you ask them why, of all the dozen conflicts the Muslim world is waging against the civilizations it borders on, *this* one obsesses them (why not Chechnya? why not Sudan? why not Nigeria?), they can give you an answer that stops just this side of anti-Semitism. Israel-Palestine is the one where the "capitalist" world of the West (and, by implication, the Jews who run it) meets the underprivileged victim peoples of the South. Jews thus get to pay the price for the West's depredations since the Middle Ages, most of which they were on the receiving end of.

That, of course, is the great obstacle to this discourse of Jews-as-victimizers: The Jews have been through rather a lot. And that is why denial, or at least minimization, of the Holocaust is an indispensable part of the ideology. Abbé Pierre, a popular priest who became a national hero, lamented in 1991 that "Jews, the victims, have become the executioners." He even embraced the Stalinist-turned-Muslim-radical Roger Garaudy when he was accused of Holocaust-denial. At a pro-Palestinian demonstration at Les Halles in late March, marchers carried a Star of David with a swastika over it, shouting *Jihad, Jihad, Jihad*. If you walk across the pont des Invalides, you can see, in yellow print on black background, a poster that urges that Ariel Sharon be sent to the Hague to be tried on war crimes:

SHARON À LA HAYE
Invasion - Torture - Humiliation - Epuration éthnique
Colonialisme - Crimes de guerre - Crimes d'état
Violations du droit international - Assassinats
Racisme - Profanations de lieux de culte - Massacres
Extermination - Carnages - Sionisme - Injustice
Crimes contre l'humanité - Déportation - Persécution
ISRAEL
COUPABLE
Comité Francais pour la Liberté des Peuples

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It's hard to say which is the strangest imposture in the poster: to see "Zionism" ranked next to "Extermination" among crimes, or to see Israel accused of doing in the West Bank what the Nazis did in France. ("Deportation"—whatever that may mean in the context of an anti-terrorist operation in the West Bank—is a word that maintains a terrible resonance for the Jews of France.)

At times the superimposition of Nazi German motifs on Israel takes on aspects of a religious vision. Claude Keiflin, a political reporter for the *Dernières Nouvelles d'Alsace* who covers Middle Eastern matters for the paper, asked me during an interview, "How could the Jewish people, after having undergone the Holocaust, be putting numbers on the arms of their Palestinian prisoners?"

"What? . . . You mean tattoos?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Okay, not engraved in the skin, but, still . . . "

France has laws against Holocaust denial. The current climate shows them to be bad laws, not just because they make free-speech heroes of those who are basically mentally ill, but because they can be violated in spirit with impunity. Such a violation was committed by José Bové in the first days of April, when he was expelled from Israel following a visit to Yasser Arafat's compound in Ramallah. Bové, who rose to fame for vandalizing a McDonald's in southern France as a protest against American influence, is not merely the informal leader of the younger French left, the "hero" of the Seattle riots, and the guiding spirit of many of the anti-Le Pen protests that are now raging in Paris; he is also the most charismatic leader of the anti-globalization movement in the world.

It was thus alarming to see Bové, after a pro forma denunciation of anti-Jewish violence, informing viewers of the TV channel Canal Plus that the attacks on French synagogues were being either arranged or fabricated by Mossad. "Who profits from the crime?" Bové asked. "The Israeli government and its secret services have an interest in creating a certain psychosis, in making believe that there is a climate of anti-Semitism in France, in order to distract attention from what they are doing."

Since Bové didn't actually *say* Jews weren't killed in the Holocaust, it may seem excessive to some readers that B'nai B'rith accused him of *négationnisme*, or Holocaust denial. But B'nai B'rith is right. They have simply thought about the roots of Holocaust denial a bit more thoroughly than others. For anyone who inhabits Western culture, the Holocaust made that culture a much more painful place to inhabit—and for any reasonably moral person, greatly narrowed the range of acceptable political behavior. To be human is to wish it had never happened. (Those who deny that it did may be those who can't *bear* to admit that it happened.) But it did. If there's a will-to-anti-Semitism in Western culture—as there probably is—then the Arab style of Judeophobia, which is an anti-Semitism without the West's complexes, offers a real redemptive project to those Westerners who are willing to embrace it. It can liberate guilty, decadent Europeans from a horrible moral albatross. What an antidepressant! Saying there was no such thing as the gas chambers is, of course, not respectable. But the same purpose can be served using what Leo Strauss called the *reductio ad Hitlerum* to cast the Jews as having committed crimes identical to the Nazis'. They must be identical, of course, so the work of self-delusion can be accomplished. We did one, the Jews did one. Now we're even-steven.

You can see the attractive force in such an ideology. Author Alexandre Del Valle fears that anti-Semitism could also be a *binding* force, leading to a "convergence of totalitarianisms," of Islamism and the Western anti-globalist left. Elisabeth Schemla, a longtime editor at France's center-left opinion weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur* who now edits the online newsletter *www.Proche-Orient.info*, says, "The anti-Semitism of the left is more dangerous than that of the right. They have power in the media, the universities, the associations, the political class." Schemla worries that a third of the candidates in the first round of the presidential election were strongly motivated by the conflict in the Middle East. As such, it is not the strong showing of Le Pen that is the most alarming development in the first round of the election, but the record-high score of the three Trotskyite parties on the hard left.

Bonifacisme

Last August, Pascal Boniface, a top foreign policy adviser to Lionel Jospin, wrote an open "Letter to an Israeli Friend" that appeared in *Le Monde*. The echo of the "Letters to a German Friend" that Albert Camus had written in 1943 and 1944 was not lost on Jewish readers. The lawyer Pierre François Veil remarked that if Boniface had wanted to reach an Israeli friend, he could have written to the *Jerusalem Post*. The letter was, of course, addressed to the Jews of France, and many read a threat in its closing lines: "In France," Boniface wrote, "should it permit too much impunity to the Israeli government, the Jewish community could also be the loser in the medium term. The Arab/Muslim community is certainly less organized, but it will be a counterweight, and it will soon be numerically preponderant, if it is not already."

"I gave my advice not because of the weight of the community but on principle," Boniface said in an interview. The votes of the two communities are about even. Muslims may number as many as 8 million, but only half are citizens. Of the remaining 4 million, 2.5 million are not yet old enough to vote, and of the 1.5 million that remain after

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they're taken out, over half *won't* vote. But at a time when Jews were being threatened in the streets of France, it seemed that Jews were not being lectured on electoral clout but outright intimidated: *Break your solidarity with Israel,* the deal was, *and we'll leave you in peace; otherwise, you'll be lopped out of the national community*. Boniface is not alone in his opinions; the Coordinated Appeal for a Just Peace in the Middle East (CAPJPO) has asked French Jews to make a "critique of Israeli policy." As Alain Finkielkraut noted, CAPJPO has never asked Muslims to pressure Palestinians to stop their suicide attacks. Boniface was soon being accused of the same thing: making Jews'—but no one else's—membership in the national community contingent on the acceptable behavior of a foreign country. This attitude was given a witty shorthand—*bonifacisme*—in the Jewish press, which condemned it as a form of anti-Semitism.

"I defy anyone to find a single line in any of my work that is anti-Semitic," said Boniface in an interview. He noted that his opinions were fairly generally held. "My students have changed their opinion, too," he said. "Twenty years ago when Israel invaded Lebanon they were evenly divided. Now they are overwhelmingly pro-Palestine." Lionel Jospin followed Boniface's line throughout his campaign, condemning "communitarianism" and insisting to Jewish, though not to Arab, groups that "we must not import into France the problems of the Middle East." But the "evenhandedness" of Jacques Chirac on communitarian matters was almost worse. During a visit to Paris's grand mosque the week before the vote, Chirac firmly condemned the burning of (many) synagogues (in his own country), but assured the gathered dignitaries that if anyone were to harm a mosque (which no one has done) or a church (like the Church of the Nativity, in another country, where Israeli troops had surrounded Palestinian terrorists holding hostages), it would be equally bad.

And yet "the problems of the Middle East," as Jospin calls them, are all that France wants to think about. It has long alarmed Jews that non-Jews are showing up less and less at their marches. Since October 2000, they have wondered why their fellow citizens were not marching against really existing anti-Semitism in France, the way they used to march against the safely-part-of-history version. ("A demonstration on 13 January 2002 of Jewish leadership assembled in the Créteil synagogue—the latest victim of violence—was marked by the sparseness of non-Jewish sympathizers," noted Shimon Samuels of the Wiesenthal Center. "Indeed, the town's deputy mayor used the occasion to publicly revile the Sharon government and was met by jeers from the audience.")

On April 6, pro-Palestinian marches were held across the country. On April 7, the CRIF, the umbrella group of French Jewish organizations, held a march for Israel. They decided also to march against the anti-Semitic attacks of the preceding days. Three of the 21 members of the CRIF board decided to make only the second part of the march. One of those, Olivier Guland of the *Jewish Tribune*, complained, "It's the first time Jewish institutions in France have given the impression that the defense of their own interests is not the same as the defense of the Republic's values." The most commonly held sign—"*Synagogues brûlés, république en danger*"—gave the message that the interests of France and its Jewish community were pretty much identical. But whether that's the message France will *get* is anybody's guess.

"Traditionally," Alain Finkielkraut wrote in the Jewish monthly *L'Arche*, "anti-Semites are those French who worship their identity and love one another against the Jews. Contemporary anti-Semitism involves French people who *don't* like themselves, who have a post-national perspective, who are shedding their 'Frenchness,' the better to identify with the poor of the world. They use Israel to place the Jews in the camp of the oppressors. You have a sort of league between anti-Semitic Islamism and self-disparagement, between repudiation of another and hatred of oneself."

Finkielkraut has for years railed against the dangers of political correctness and the lazy thinking of France's anti-racism movement. His writings often seemed merely a necessary means of saving a political movement from sloppy thinking. But now that that movement is "raising a war machine against the Jews in the name of the excluded," such work seems much more important.

The French left has thoroughly assimilated the lessons of World War II. Maybe too thoroughly. After fantasizing for years about how much braver than their parents *they* would have been had they lived in 1938, after waiting stylishly for years for a predictably fogey-ish, Vichy-style anti-Semitism so they could combat it according to their anti-racist operator's manual, they suddenly find themselves confronted with evidence that there are at least hundreds of thousands of people in their country who think pretty much as the Al Aksa Martyrs' Brigade does, and millions more whose opinions are anyone's guess. The French left may have idealistic reasons for placing its sympathies with the Palestinians, but it has powerful reasons of expedience, too. Thus far its heart lies with the side that has committed the most violence on French soil.

The most dangerous thing about Jean-Marie Le Pen, who loathes the global economy, distrusts the Jews, and practices gesture politics, is not that he'll get elected. It's that he'll serve as the hate object who unites anti-Western Islamists and anti-Western anti-globalists, who march against him night after night over ideological differences that grow harder and harder to discern. ♦

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Anti-Social Studies

The nation's social studies teachers have lots of ideas for improving the curriculum—all of them bad.

By Kay S. Hymowitz

September 11 was a transforming moment in the civic imagination of many Americans. To them, the attacks drove home the reality that pluralism, religious tolerance, equality, freedom, and prosperity are not the default condition of mankind but a fragile gift of history in need of our reverence and protection.

But not to the National Council for Social Studies (NCSS). The leaders of this 26,000-member organization of teachers of history, sociology, geography, political science, psychology, and economics saw matters differently. They were sure the attacks would provide the excuse Americans wanted to indulge their reflexive racism and "revenge-oriented ideology," as one writer put it in the October issue of the organization's magazine *Social Education*. "For some the events of September 11 were reminiscent of Pearl Harbor," editor Michael Simpson began his introductory essay. "Following that attack the treatment of the Japanese-American population opened a dark chapter of American history."

At the organization's national conference in November, keynote speaker James Loewen (author of *Lies Across America*, a tour of the nation's monuments, whose "lies and omissions . . . suggest times and ways that the United States went astray as a nation") warned against patriotic displays like the singing of "God Bless America." "The Swedes," he noted, "the Kenyans don't think God blesses America over all other countries." Alan Schulman, a participant in a panel examining "The Impact of September 11th on Social Studies Professionals" at a meeting of a Greater New York NCSS-affiliate chapter, got to the heart of the matter. Responding to a teacher who said her students had been wanting to know more about American history since the attacks, he said, "We need to de-exceptionalize the United States. We're just another country and another group of people."

Meet the professionals who are in charge of turning the nation's young into "effective citizens." These are the folks responsible for passing on "the content knowledge, intellectual skills, and civic values necessary for fulfilling the duties of citizenship in a participatory democracy," as their website has it. But entrusting this vital job to people like those who run the NCSS makes about as much sense as tapping Ralph Nader to administer NAFTA. Deeply cynical about the American idea, they lack the vaguest understanding of the Founders' vision of education as the wellspring of self-government.

In fact, Schulman's "de-exceptionalizing the United States" perfectly captures a core goal of the NCSS. Take a look at "Expectations of Excellence," the group's 1994 curriculum standards for social studies, widely followed by education authorities as they draft state standards and curricula around the country. "Thomas Jefferson, among others, emphasized that the vitality of a democracy depends upon the education and participation of its citizens," this statement begins promisingly. But what follows is a yawning list of "performance expectations," ranging from the obscure to the impenetrable, about culture, economics, technology, "continuity and change," and personal identity, that includes no American history, no major documents, and only a smattering of references to government at all.

Such references as there are to government—"Describe how public policies are used to address issues of public concern," for example—exist in some hazy realm of ur-citizenship that could apply to the Democratic Republic of Korea as easily as to our own. While it's true that high school students are expected to be able to "explain the origins and continuing influence of key ideals of the democratic republican form of government, such as

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human dignity, liberty, justice, equality, and the rule of law," this task is 78th in a series of 87, given no more salience than such pressing civic goals as knowing how to "construct reasoned judgments about specific cultural responses to persistent human issues" or how to "analyze the role of perceptions, attitudes, values, and beliefs in the development of personal identity."

Many states have embraced the NCSS's idea that you don't need to know any American history to be an effective citizen. Hawaii, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Maine, Michigan, and Minnesota, among others, use the NCSS guidelines as the model for their state social studies standards and thus require their students to study no history at all. The states that are developing strong history standards—notably Massachusetts, California, Texas, and Virginia—still confront the problem of finding teachers who can put them into practice. Many young people entering teaching today went to schools where, thanks in part to the influence of NCSS, their experience with American history was largely limited to reports on Sojourner Truth, dioramas of Navajo villages, and "reasoned judgments about specific cultural responses to persistent human issues."

The nation's schools of education are doing little to ameliorate their students' ignorance; ed school faculties are notoriously uninterested in traditional course content, and it is no coincidence that many of the leaders of the NCSS are prominent members of education faculties. Education historian Diane Ravitch observes that apart from physics, history is the discipline with the fewest teachers who have actually majored in their subject. And though most states require some history credits for certification, judging from the courses that fill today's college catalogues, your child's fourth grade social studies teacher is more likely to know about 19th-century lesbian writers than the Constitution.

That a professional association of teachers would do nothing to encourage kids to think of themselves as Americans with a common history and common ideals will surprise no seasoned observer of the nation's schools. Like many in the education establishment, the NCSS regards promoting an American civic identity, particularly in minority children, as "ethnocentric," an example of an "assimilationist ideology." Instead, schools should "maximize the opportunity for individuals to choose their own group identifications and affiliations," in the words of the organization's "Curriculum Guidelines for Multicultural Education."

Until recent years, however, the education establishment did encourage the nation's kids to think of themselves as niche Americans—Asian Americans, African Americans, and so on. Now, this familiar multiculturalism has begun to give way to something known as "global studies," a sprawling discipline that encompasses world history, current events, world religions, geography, ecology, and world economics. Like multicultural education, it aims to promote respect for other cultures and an "appreciation of diversity." But where multiculturalists sought to accomplish this by emphasizing the contributions of, say, blacks, Chinese, and women to American culture, global studies enthusiasts want to accomplish it by stressing the contributions of the Bantu people and the Ming dynasty to world culture. Global studies works to "de-exceptionalize" both America and the Western world as a whole. "Globally oriented teachers don't teach an 'us-them' dichotomy that only views events or issues from the norms of American foreign policy or Eurocentric tradition," explains Merry M. Merryfield, a teacher of education at Ohio State University. "Instead they focus on the commonalities of the human experience."

Doubtless, many rank-and-file teachers, who tend to be less doctrinaire than their leadership, are simply expounding a gussied-up version of world history under the guise of global studies. But the theoreticians in the social studies establishment have a more radical agenda. They want children to think of themselves not as Americans, but as members of the "global community."

In a much-discussed 1994 essay that could easily serve as a keynote address at an NCSS conference, University of Chicago philosopher Martha Nussbaum promotes the idea of the cosmopolitan citizen who eschews provincial allegiances. "An education that takes national boundaries as morally salient," she writes, invoking the dangers of patriotism, "too often reinforces this kind of irrationality by lending to what is an accident of history a false air of moral weight and glory." Kids should be taught they are "citizens of a world of human beings . . . [who] happen to be situated in the United States." It seems lost on Nussbaum and the globalists that some citizens of the world "happen to be" heirs to the Taliban, burqas, and suicide bombers, while others are heirs to religious tolerance, freedom of speech, equality of the sexes, and the form of government that sustains them. At the post-9/11 conclave of social studies professionals mentioned earlier, buzzwords like "diversity" and "interdependence" and "multiple perspectives" were as abundant as half-drained coffee cups.

So if the NCSS has its way, young Americans will graduate from high school with a few hazy ideas about equality and freedom of speech, but almost no knowledge of their country's past. They'll be more likely to get teary-eyed at "We Are the World" than "The Star-

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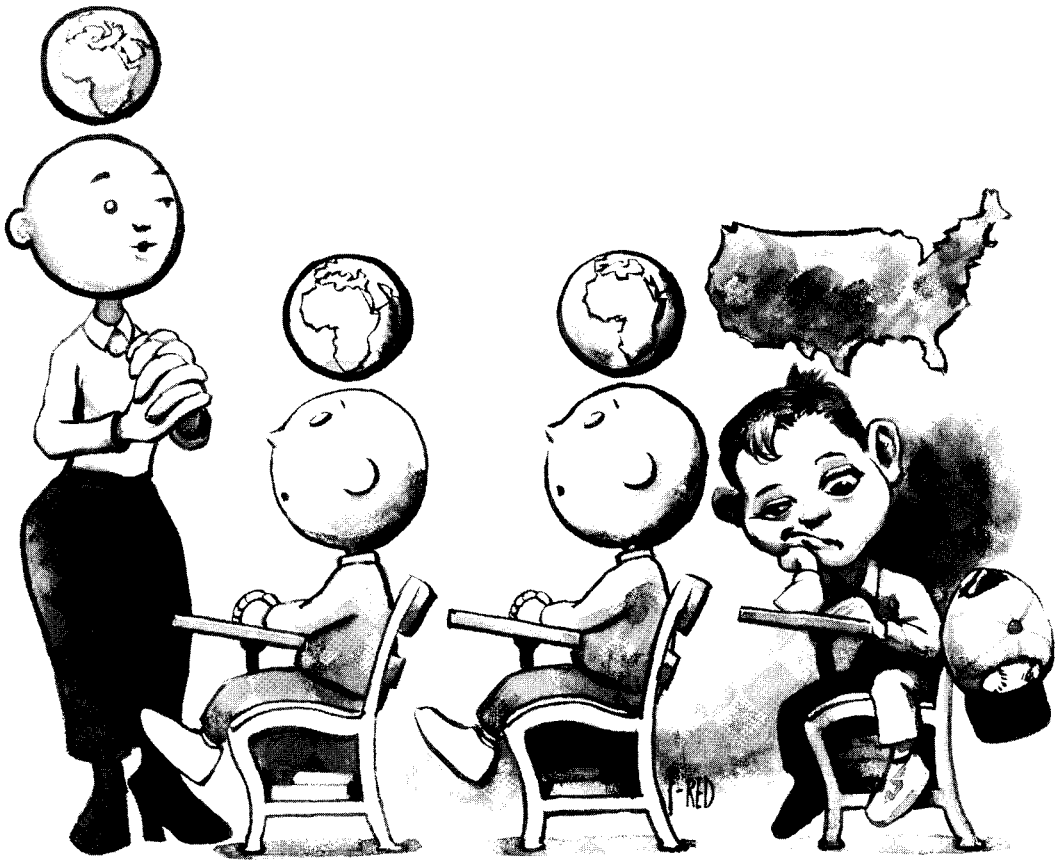

Fred Harper

Spangled Banner." They will be engaged citizens, to be sure, but engaged as community and global activists. Having been taught that kids need "to solve real problems in their school, the community, our nation, and the world" (according to a recent NCSS position paper), the ideal NCSS graduate will be as busy as he is ignorant. "Expectations of Excellence" touts classrooms where high-schoolers debate alternative sites for their town's new landfill, where middle-schoolers agitate against a store's requirement that teenagers be accompanied by adults, where fourth graders meet with community leaders to decide the best use for an abandoned factory, and where elementary school kids organize to "Save the Earth."

It would be difficult to exaggerate NCSS's betrayal of the Founders' view of education. To be self-governing, the Founders believed, citizens must grasp the principles of their country. Because men are prone to greed and ambition, and democracy is a fragile arrangement, each citizen must be, in Jefferson's words, "enabled to know ambition under all its shapes." To this end, schoolchildren must learn not only their own Constitution, but also political history, especially the story of republican governments. Equally important, the self-governing citizen must revere his country and its ideals, for only those who understood their country could love it, and only those who loved it would be willing to undertake the work and sacrifice to sustain it.

Yet those in our schools who are shaping the civic imagination of the next generation discourage not just a love of America and its guiding principles, but *any interest in the fortunes of our nation in particular*. And their efforts are paying off. In addition to the woeful ignorance of their American heritage proved by study after study, graduates of American schools set new records in their indifference to politics and public affairs year after year. Since 1971 when 18-year-olds were enfranchised, young people have voted in progressively lower numbers. The annual freshman survey from the Higher Education Research Institute has shown steadily declining interest in public affairs since the 1960s (apart from an anomalous uptick in 2001 that the authors attribute to the unusually close 2000 election). In 2001, a little over 30 percent of respondents said they believe keeping up to date with political affairs "is a very important or essential life goal," down from a high of 57.8 percent in 1966.

"I mean, being American is not very special," one Midwestern high school boy told interviewers in a study of civic identity conducted by William Damon, director of the Center on Adolescence at Stanford University. The NCSS should be heartened by his words. "I don't find being an American citizen very important," concurred another. "I don't know, I figure everybody is a citizen so it shouldn't mean nothing." Or another: "I don't want to be a citizen. . . . It's stupid to me."

Regrettable at the best of times, these sentiments are preposterous with our country at war. But at least you can't say our kids aren't picking up what they're being taught at school. ♦

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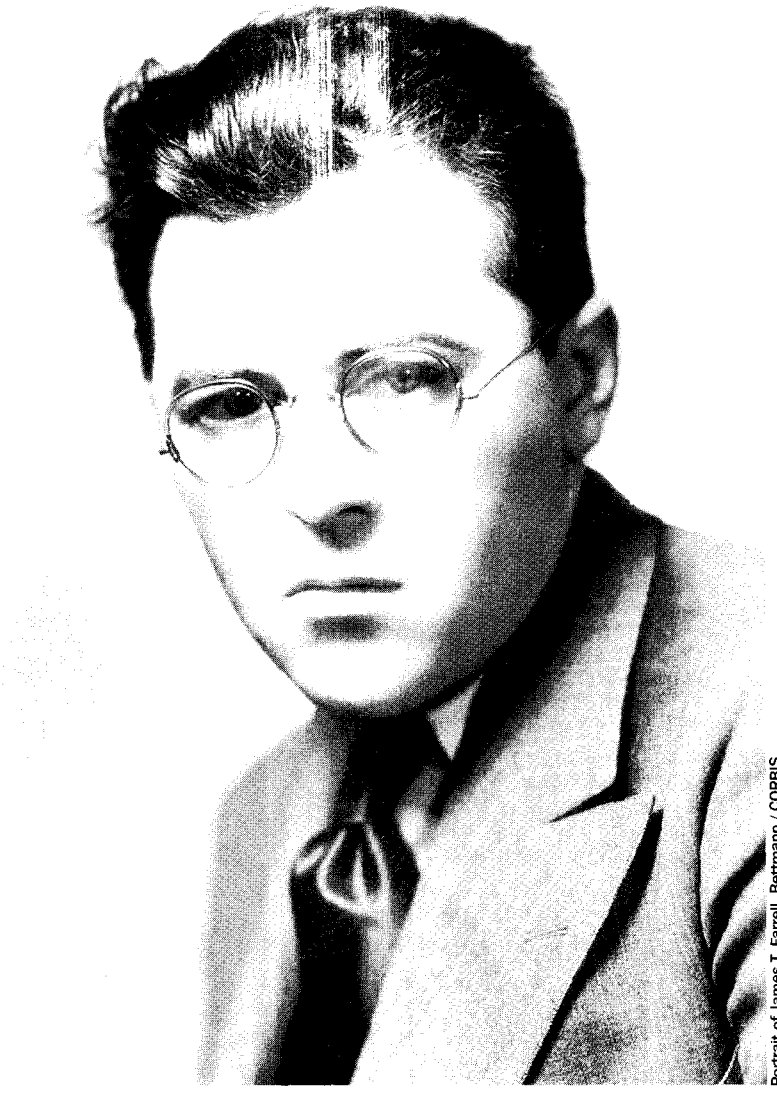
The Return of Studs Lonigan

Why we ought to read James Farrell

By Gerald Robbins



Portrait of James T. Farrell. Bettmann / CORBIS.

James Farrell is not exactly forgotten. Last year, in its much-ballyhooed list of the hundred best English-language novels of the twentieth century, the Modern Library ranked his classic story of Studs Lonigan in twenty-seventh place, and—after a twenty-five-year hiatus—Penguin published a new edition of Farrell's trilogy: *Young Lonigan*, *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan*, and *Judgment Day*.

But though he's back in print, Farrell has oddly disappeared from the American canon—despite the attention still paid to such contemporaries as Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, and Thomas Wolfe. The cause isn't a small output; Farrell wrote more than fifty books. Nor is the cause necessarily quality; devotees claim that his autobiographical Danny O'Neill pentology is better than the Lonigan series. But, somehow he failed to find adequate critical support for his work, and when he died in 1979 his estate was valued at less than $10,000.

Politics had a great deal to do with it. The story goes that Farrell determined his bearings at a meeting he had with Whittaker Chambers one evening in 1932. Debt-ridden from a year in Paris and mourning his stillborn child, Farrell stopped by the office of the Communist magazine *New Masses* to discuss writing opportunities. When the conversation with Chambers turned to the Communists' belief in using art as a weapon, Farrell is said to have remarked that "neither God nor man is going to tell me what to write." The publication of *Young Lonigan* came that same year, *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* followed in 1934, *Judgment Day* in 1935, and Farrell was for a time the luminary who could avoid towing the party line.

Studs Lonigan
A Trilogy Comprising Young Lonigan, the Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan, and Judgment Day
by James T. Farrell
Penguin, 912 pp., $20

Born in Chicago in 1904, James Thomas Farrell was one of seven children in a second-generation Irish Catholic family. Unable to support the large household, his father placed three-year-old Jim with his maternal grandparents, who themselves lived on income donated by more successful relatives. The struggling lower-class existence inspired the creation of Studs Lonigan and set Farrell's continuing theme of the plebeian writer who's able to transcend but never completely erase his upbringing. "He remembered himself as a boy," Farrell writes in *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan*,

> one of the neighborhood goofs. Around the corner, he was now more of a goof than ever. His nostalgias for past experiences in the neighborhood seemed to have died too. He hated it all. It was part of a dead world; it was filthy; it was rotten, it was stupefying. It, all of the world he had known, was mirrored in it. He had been told things, told that the world was good and just, and that the good and just were rewarded, lies completely irrelevant to what he had really experienced; lies covering a world of misery,

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neuroticism, frustration, impecuniousness, hypocrisy, clap, syphilis, poverty, injustice.

After his Parisian sojourn, New York became Farrell's adopted home—and the leftist writers and intellectuals of New York his natural audience. A compromise was temporarily established: In return for Farrell's displaying his Communist sympathies in street demonstrations, the party faithful would tolerate the promising writer's antagonism towards their cultural policies.

The arrangement didn't last long. Farrell never had much time for Stalinist orthodoxies, and he was quickly drawn to the Trotskyites. He didn't have the patrician background or education possessed by most of his peers. He attended the University of Chicago on his own savings without graduating, and—as Murray Kempton wrote in his book on the 1930s, *Part of Our Time*—Farrell "was and always would be received as a barbarian in the genteel world of the literary supplements . . . because poverty had blunted his fingertips and left work heavy with passion and deficient of charm."

Nonetheless, the growing reputation of Studs Lonigan allowed Farrell to become something of a mentor to the Trotskyites, their trump against the Stalinist literati, and each volume of the trilogy reached a wide audience.

Perhaps the biggest influence on Farrell was the naturalism of Theodore Dreiser. Farrell once criticized another author for having a character smell the altar incense while walking along outside New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral—impossible, Farrell contended, given the distance from the Cathedral's entrance to the sidewalk, the time of day, car exhaust, and food vendor smells.

Farrell and Dreiser had much in common. They were both Chicagoans from poor families who had problems with their Catholic upbringings. Their fiction focused on the problems arising from a rapidly industrializing America with characters victimized by external circumstances. Farrell's Studs Lonigan and Dreiser's Sister Carrie are in effect mirrors of their relative surroundings. "The burden of all social problems weigh down most heavily on the areas of lower-class life," Farrell wrote in a 1946 essay entitled "Themes in American Realism." "Just as life here is less secure, it also happens that the personality is also less secure. The lack of security commonly exacerbates tempers. The struggle for place, money and social position on the upper rung is often transformed into the naked struggles of individual vanities on the lower plane."

Hulton / Archive

Chicago's Maxwell Street, c. 1930.

This is what Farrell and fellow dissenters called "Bottom Dog" literature—namely, extending naturalism to other realms. The Communists had their own version. It was called the "proletarian novel," and it generalized from the particular by using revolutionary expression. The story line usually concerned a community of workers, divided at first, who awaken to the fact that the party is their only true ally against oppressive forces. The typical hero is a naive and innocent laborer who learns that capitalism's promise of upward mobility is an empty dream. In Murray Kempton's description, "the proletarian novel was a training school in the manipulation of stiff cardboard dolls."

Farrell tried at first to convince the authors of the proletarian school that they were writing soulless novels, but abandoned the effort—undertaking a series of essays that denounced Stalinist aesthetics in *Partisan Review*. The first salvo came in early 1936 when he attacked Clifford Odets's new play *Paradise Lost*. Critics had been smitten with Odets, comparing him to the likes of Chekhov and Eugene O'Neill. Farrell thought such praise excessive. He called *Paradise Lost* a "burlesque" of Odets's earlier *Awake and Sing!*, suggesting that the new production be retitled *Lay Down and Die*.

The second fusillade came with *A Note on Literary Criticism*, a collection of essays by Farrell about art and the non-Stalinist cultural Left. Farrell had read Leon Trotsky's *Literature and Revolution* several years before, and the Trotskyite tone of *A Note on Literary Criticism* intensified the growing rancor between Farrell and American communism's Stalinist dogma, which he denounced as being mechanical and deterministic.

> Socialism will slowly, gradually permeate every sphere of human activity; will be correspondingly felt in thought, in literature, in the drama, in all the cultural spheres that compose the Socialist superstructure. But this change is not going to be brought around by fiat; it will not come merely from our wishing, nor through stout assertion that it is already here. . . . The new culture that will grow from a new society will not precede that society, for thought and culture do not precede social changes; at best they guide towards such changes.

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In response, *New Masses* accused Farrell of elitism, calling him a "Phi Beta Kappa Trotskyite," who lived in an insular world. But all this wrangling was a prelude to what Farrell called the "line of blood." The Moscow Trials, which began in 1936, were pivotal for Farrell. He became an executive member of the American Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky, which sponsored a commission (chaired by the seventy-eight-year-old John Dewey) to visit Mexico and listen to Trotsky's defense against Soviet charges.

It hardly surprised anyone when Trotsky was vindicated by the Dewey Commission. Farrell accompanied the committee to Mexico and was able to hold several conversations with the Russian, who was eventually assassinated by Soviet agents in August 1940. Trotsky's death deeply embittered Farrell. "The murder proves what it is—criminal political gangsterism as vile as fascism itself," Farrell told his sister in a letter. "But what a miserable and gloomy consolation it is that the assassination of Trotsky proves that we are right in trying to warn people about Stalinism."

If Dreiser was the motivating force that allowed Farrell to comprehend his humble origins, Trotsky helped him discern the intelligentsia and their shortcomings. Farrell came to believe that it was a class unwilling to question the New Deal's platitudes. There was little challenge to the paving over of class and racial differences in favor of the "common man." A new populist pablum was developing in America, and Farrell decided to confront it with a new trilogy that focused upon the urban intellectual environment. His Bernard Carr books presented the contentious relationship between capitalism's nature and creative ideals. The characters are largely portrayed as having sold out: Their promise is exhausted, whether in the pursuit of communism's inevitability or the almighty dollar, and what they once clamored to change now imprisons them.

The Bernard Carr trilogy effectively severed Farrell's Trotskyite connections. *Partisan Review* published Irving Howe's 1947 article "The Critic Calcified," which announced Farrell's literary insignificance. Ridicule came from other circles as well, particularly regarding his World War II stand against America's alliance with Stalin. He supported the Marshall Plan after the war because "only American wealth and power stand in the way of Stalinist expansion." His decades-long search for an ideological comfort zone resulted in his becoming a party of one—at a moment in which his reputation needed serious critical evaluation and praise to solidify it.

And so he slipped away, not exactly forgotten, but not remembered either. His Studs Lonigan trilogy, however, remains what it was: a defining work of the 1930s, an American classic, and one of the key books we must revive when we tell the true story of twentieth-century literature. ♦

Decline of the West

Thomas McGuane's flawed fiction.

BY WOODY WEST

If a reviewer expresses "disappointment" in a book, it is evident that the book's author is going to be roughed up. But if that author has achieved a wide reputation for his craft—and had innumerable literary prizes bestowed upon him—then "disappointment" is actually a civil way to put it.

The Cadence of Grass
by Thomas McGuane
Knopf, 256 pp., $24

Although often wedged into one of the darker rooms of the literary mansion labeled "Western writer," Thomas McGuane has always been admiringly reviewed. Critics who combine a bookish sensibility with affinity for the outdoors rank him among the chosen. *The Longest Silence: A Life in Fishing* is often ranked with Norman Maclean's *A River Runs Through It*. McGuane's sketches and essays collected in *Some Horses* have been praised even by critics who've never been closer to a nag than the $2 window at the racetrack. And it is generally acknowledged that McGuane can write with grace, wit, and effect.

Those qualities are present in his new novel, *The Cadence of Grass*—but not enough to redeem a book that did not seem to be begging to be written and that lacks any center of gravity. One suspects that McGuane churned it out because it is his trade to write: a writerly walk on the weird side. The story concerns a man named Paul Caruso, who is handsome, charming, and without two moral molecules to rub together. His marriage to Evelyn Whitelaw has ended, not least because he also was bonking (in that useful British euphemism) her sister Natalie. Natalie has just returned from her latest drug-rehab session to the Montana hometown where she has a reputation for shoplifting. Her latest fear is that she has stopped "emitting pheromones," while her husband, Stuart, is bland to just this side of catatonia.

The patriarch of this turbulent tribe, Sunny Jim Whitelaw, owns the local soft-drink plant. If anything, he trumps son-in-law Paul's amorality with inventive cruelty. The novel opens the day of Sunny Jim's funeral, the family brought together "by the apparently complete lack of feeling for the deceased." Present also is Bill Champion, Sunny Jim's partner in a cattle ranch that has never been able to pay its way.

Champion evidently is intended by McGuane as a counterpoise of authen-

Woody West is associate editor at the Washington Times.

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ticity to the mutually destructive members of the Whitelaw family—but it is with Champion that the reader first senses the novel's compass is wobbly. Evelyn is the only Whitelaw attuned to Champion and the range and horses, and over the years she has spent much time on the ranch (from which eventually comes a revelation that is not terribly surprising).

In *The Cadence of Grass*, there are extensive sections about Champion and Evelyn and their horses. McGuane presumably intended these interludes to express a vestigial genuineness that would stand in contrast to the ravages of contemporary culture. Reminiscing about an old cowpoke he'd known, for example, Champion says, "He led his sorrel mare out of the pen. . . . She was a little sickle-hocked, which I'm sure he preferred, and she had good withers, short pasterns, a kind of coon-footed, low-croup cow-horse look to her." Then there's Evelyn on her horse Cree: "He was a nicely made colt with a butt that was closed right down to the back of his knee with muscle, feet set nicely under him and a pretty slope to his shoulder and withers. He had tight, round hoofs at the end of moderately sloped pasterns nicely domed around the frog that took a size-aught shoe and never split out a nail or chipped when he was barefoot, but left a rounded, nearly burnished edge . . . " Well, okay.

Or take the padding apparent in this description of Evelyn saddling up for a ride: "Evelyn searched through the bridles that seemed, in her view, to be festooned from too few pegs, so that in hunting through them for the short shanked Kelly Brothers grazer, all she could find were snaffles, Argentines bits, a cable tie-down, offside billet straps, cinchas with broken strings, detached go-betweens, old steel stirrups, . . . a coppermouth John Israel, a gag bit, an Easy Stop, a knockoff of a Garcia spade, boot tops made into saddlebags and a chain twitch with a handle from a World War II foxhole shovel . . . " And on and on it goes.

Sunny Jim has known from the time Evelyn and Paul married, and his son-in-law went to work for him, that Paul is a snake. He knows Paul has been stealing from him and has told Paul he would recoup his losses by "selling [Paul's] vital organs, if these thefts should recur." Paul does not believe him, but one evening, after joining his father-in-law in a goatish spree, he wakes up in a post-surgical setting minus a kidney. And C.R. Marjub, a longtime—and hitherto unknown—associate of Sunny Jim's, as it happens, required a kidney transplant.

The nub of the narrative is Sunny Jim's will. If Paul and Evelyn reconcile, the bottling plant can be sold, the assets divided. Paul has been running

Thomas McGuane

Knopf / Marion Ettlinger

the soft-drink enterprise into the ground, and the family members frantically want cash rather than the mutual antagonism of continued economic confinement in a failing enterprise. And Evelyn wants nothing more to do with her estranged husband. A savage beating cements her decision to reject him, though this could leave all hands destitute.

The knot the deceased Sunny Jim has tied around his family provides the tension—such as it is—in *The Cadence of Grass*. Marjub arrives in town after Sunny Jim's death. The wily South Asian turns out to dabble in a variety of enterprises, which include a bit of cross-border drug smuggling. This enterprise will finally and fatally involve Paul, deservedly, and the old-timer, Bill Champion, by the sort of circumstance that is more bathetic than convincing. The novel includes, of course, the obligatory litany of environmental degradation in Montana: "Kill the buffalo that roamed out of Yellowstone, kill the wolves wherever found, lower water-quality standards, undermine the laws of the Indian reservations, strip mine the prairie, . . . and make animal-control poisons more readily available." And so dismally forth.

There are some examples of McGuane's finely tuned observations in this tale. Evelyn, in an amatory fling fueled by booze and loneliness, picks up a barroom dude. "She looked at her young dance partner and wondered if he yet understood that all the cures for loneliness failed, that it was a chronic state and that anything used to anesthetize it turned into its own problem."

McGuane is also deft at landscape. Bill Champion "looked out the window at low cliffs, sage-covered pastures, fences poking out of snow and enclosing nothing. Ranches looked like remote fortresses in the distance, white crowns of snow, blue shadows of road cuts. . . . The land was wired together with telephone and electrical wires, railroad lines and highways, as if it might otherwise drift apart."

But the deep gully in *The Cadence of Grass* is that a reader reaches the final page without caring a hoot what happens to any of the characters. There is a factitious mood to the novel, a sense that it neither explores nor much cares about human hearts or heads. It seems cobbled together from bits of Yale drama school, the Stanford creative-writing program, and Hollywood—all three turfs Thomas McGuane has trod.

Did I mention the cross-dressing Norwegian rancher who cremates his grandfather on a scrap-wood pyre during a blizzard? About the most civil thing a reviewer can say about *The Cadence of Grass* is that it's a disappointment. ♦

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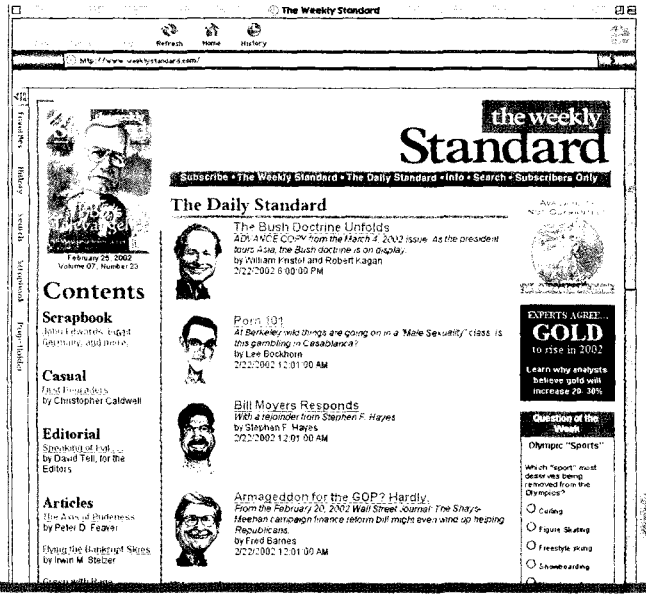

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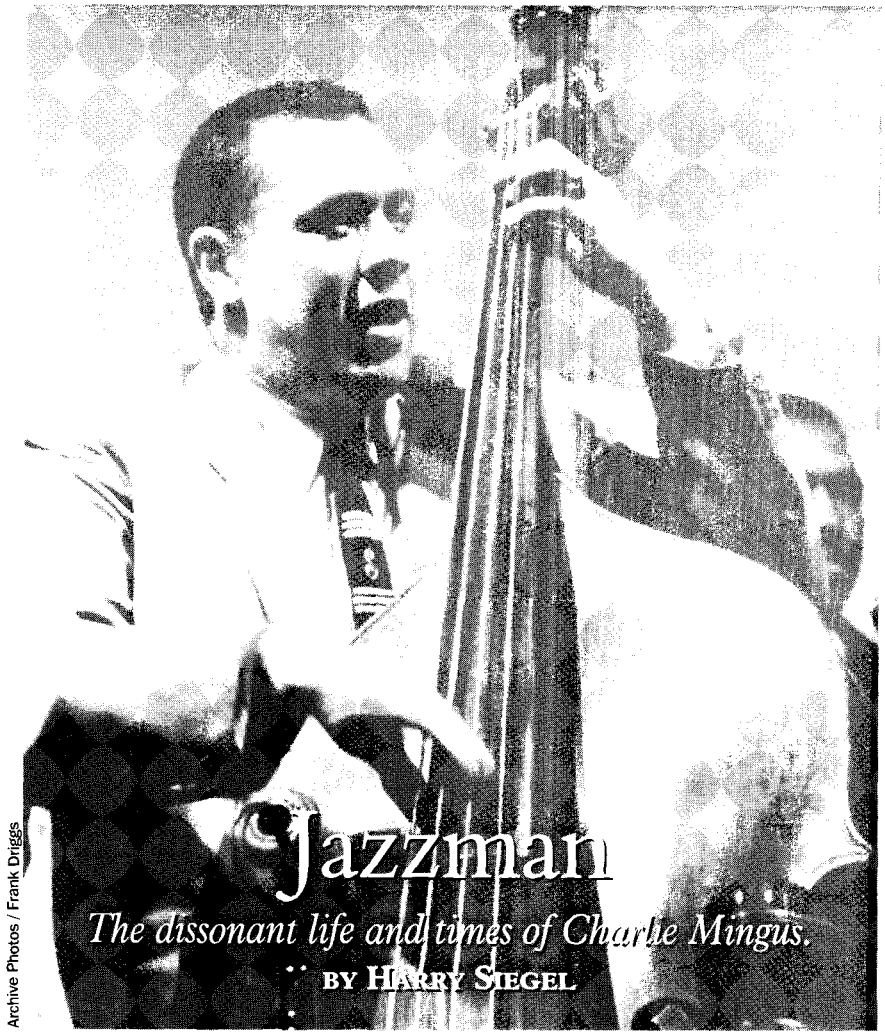

Archive Photos / Frank Driggs

Jazzman

The dissonant life and times of Charlie Mingus.

BY HARRY SIEGEL

For many, the name Charlie Mingus conjures the image of a goatee-sporting, jive-talking jazz bassist and composer, a mixture of New York beatnik and Angry Black Man. Mingus was all of those things. He hung out with Allen Ginsberg and Timothy Leary, denounced the white race, and worked at moving past the cant and sentimentality of a racially defined identity. He wanted his autobiography, a semi-fictional work more about sex and pimping than music, to be entitled *Memoirs of a Half-Schitt-Colored Nigger* and have a gold cover with raised lettering, like the Bible. (It was published as *Beneath the Underdog*, with a more ordinary cover.) He also wrote and performed some of the best and most significant American music of the twentieth century.

The son of lower-middle-class, racially mixed parents, he grew up on the West Coast. He received classical music training and wrote eloquent and penetrating jazz criticism. Different sources credit Mingus with between two and four wives, black and white, and the last of these women, Sue Mingus, a Milwaukee-bred WASP, has written *Tonight at Noon*, a memoir of their life together. Early in the book, she describes the Mingus she'd heard of—"the ornery, sometimes violent, often unjust, blustery figure who fired his musicians onstage, hired them back, denounced the audience for inattention, picked fights, mastered his instrument, agitated for his political beliefs, created a larger-than-life personality, and created on-the-spot performances for all to see. He was the essence of a sixties 'happening'. . . " The man she reveals, though possessed of these traits, is not defined by them. By placing his explosive career in the context of their life together, Sue Mingus succeeds where his biographers have failed in showing how he transcended, personally and artistically, the anecdotes his outsized behavior generated.

Tonight at Noon
A Love Story
by Sue Graham Mingus
Pantheon Books, 288 pp., $24

Harry Siegel is an editorial assistant at the New York Sun.

The opening of his memoir reads "In other words, I am three," a self who waits "to be allowed to express what he sees to the other two. The second man is like a frightened animal that attacks for fear of being attacked," and the third Mingus is "an over-loving gentle person" who endlessly gets taken in by his enemies (promoters and record executives mainly) and then retreats back inside himself. Too many critics view Mingus's work in the murky light of his second, aggressive self, while at his best, Mingus incorporated all three selves into a polyphony.

Mingus was at the top of his musical game between 1956—when he released *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, a "tone poem" about the rise and fall of the first hominoid to stand erect—and 1965, when he entered into half a decade of semi-retirement. Prior to 1956, he had been a sideman for, among others, Louis Armstrong, Art Tatum, Kid Ory, Dinah Washington, Red Norvo, and Lionel Hampton, and he played briefly with two of his lifelong heroes, Duke Ellington and Charlie Parker. This apprenticeship in traditional jazz distinguished him from his avant-garde peers.

World War II ended the big band era. As young musicians began reimagining jazz from a popular to a difficult music, Mingus avoided the hermetic self-involvement that waylaid many of his peers by expanding the technique and feeling of the big band sound. Where many bop musicians would turn their back on the crowd in disdain, Mingus would berate the audience for not paying enough attention to the music.

In 1955, four years after arriving in New York at the age of thirty-three, Mingus established his Jazz Workshop, which consisted of himself, Dannie Richmond—a rhythm and blues tenor saxophonist who Mingus converted into his personal drummer—and an ever rotating ensemble of players,

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some of whom, such as Eric Dolphy, Jaki Byard, Ted Curson, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, themselves became important musicians. He also performed and recorded with writers like Jean Shepherd and Langston Hughes.

Most of his musicians, however, produced nothing significant separate from their work with Mingus, who was a most demanding band leader. Rather than fully writing out compositions, Mingus brought in only sketches, lines, and chords to be used and moods to be conveyed. He expected collective improvisation and spontaneous composition from his players. Many accomplished musicians lacked the chops necessary for his technically demanding pieces. His music employed difficult and unconventional time signatures, keys, and changes, and constantly forced players to discover elegant solutions to musical conundrums, without missing a beat, and to do it differently every night. As he explained it, "As a youth I read a book by Debussy and he said that as soon as he finished a composition he had to forget it because it got in the way of his doing anything else new and different. And I believed him." Mingus pushed his players hard, and thought nothing of stopping a performance midsong to fire or physically attack a sideman if he was dissatisfied with his performance.

Mingus's compositions were a group affair, giving the music a wholeness too often lacking in jazz, where many groups feature soloists playing their own, scarcely related ideas each after the other. He formed a full, often big-band-like sound from a small unit. Where one recognizes Monk by his piano, or Armstrong by his trumpet, Mingus's calling card is his band; not one instrument, but the interrelation of the instruments. He constantly pushed towards new and unexploited modes of musical expression, and expressed his admiration for ". . . anyone who can come up with something original. But not originality alone, because there can be originality in stupidity, with no musical description of any emotion or any beauty the man has seen, or any kind of life he has lived."

Mingus balanced his love and respect for tradition with a hatred of the fossilized and the derivative. Thus did he produce an evolving, yet unmistakable sound. For all its range and eclecticism, and despite the frequent lack of one prominent voice, a Mingus tune can hardly be taken for anything else. This quest for a singular and evolving musical style left Mingus feeling frustrated and hemmed in by anyone he thought was defining him, be it as a clown, a bop musician, or a black man.

Pantheon

Mingus with Joni Mitchell, c. 1978.

He saw enemies everywhere, and confronted them in order to confirm or dispel his paranoia, and as often as not ended up befriending them. For a time, he carried pepper in a napkin to blind any attackers. He attempted to use the pepper on a heckler, but ended up hurting only Sue. By the time she recovered, Mingus was making plans to go out drinking with the heckler. Not that he didn't have real foes, including club owners who didn't want to pay (he was not above using physical intimidation to get his money), TV executives who didn't want black musicians (he was replaced by a white bassist for a televised appearance of the Red Norvo trio, and quit the outfit), and record executives who shorted royalties (he started his own music label with Sue).

In his life as in his music he usually eschewed gimmickry. In response to Tim Leary's acid gospel, Mingus replied, "You've got nothing for Harlem, . . . for the workers, the people who go to their jobs, the people who get up at six."

And yet he sometimes fell under the spell of countercultural pranksters, as when he asked Allen Ginsberg to "marry" him to Sue, a decade before they were married in law. Ginsberg complied by smacking two Indian cymbals together, shaking his hair and beard, and chanting Hare Krishna. Such antics, ironically but not unexpectedly, made it even harder for Mingus to avoid getting penned in by definitions.

Of course, characterizations and definitions and labels are exactly what Mingus's behavior invited. Charles Mingus wanted people to notice him, to listen closely to his music, and so he allowed himself to become a character, the wild, angry, black jazzman.

But as *Tonight at Noon* makes clear, Mingus's lashing out at whites was more showmanship and personal defensiveness than racial angst. In this regard, the fact that he married a white woman was no more telling than his having many white friends. Sue's relationship with Charles wasn't much more than a romance between two people who happened to have different colored skin.

Like Ralph Ellison (who was an aspiring jazz trumpeter before becoming a novelist), Mingus created brave new art from well-established forms. The service Sue's memoir performs is to portray the man as distinct from his music, giving us a chance to appreciate his craft and, if we like, his life. But the man could no more easily be summed up than one could whistle one of his songs. In this sense, Mingus himself was right about the problem of being defined. ♦

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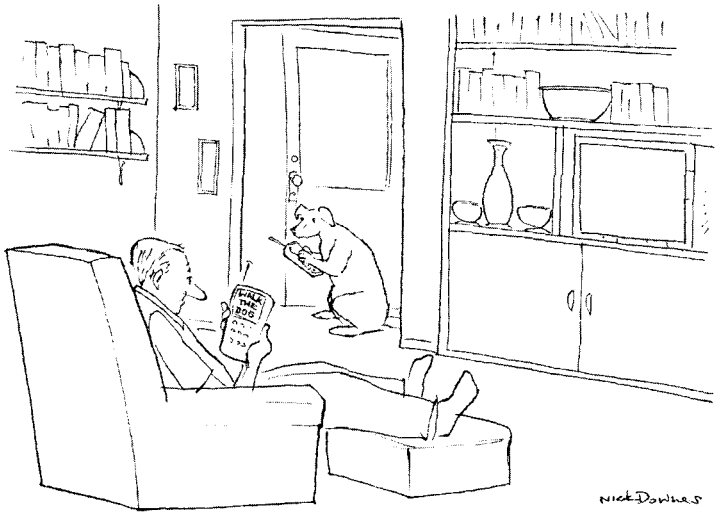

Anti-Anti-Communism, Yet Again

Athan G. Theoharis has made a career out of the FBI. He produced a book called *J. Edgar Hoover, Sex, and Crime*, another called *The Boss: J. Edgar Hoover and the Great American Inquisition*, another called *From the Secret Files of J. Edgar Hoover*, another called . . . well, you get the idea. This is a man obsessed with America's domination—he believes—by J. Edgar Hoover.

Theoharis has recently published a book with the title *Chasing Spies* (Ivan R. Dee, 320 pp., $27.50), about Hoover's fears of communism from the 1940s on. But it was Theoharis's subtitle that caught our eye: *How the FBI Failed in Counterintelligence but Promoted the Politics of McCarthyism in the Cold War Years*.

Every once in a while, you come across something like this, which perfectly expresses the attempt to forge a new party line. The old party line, of course, was that there weren't really any Americans spying for the Russians during the Cold War; the search for spies was a boondoggle invented by power-hungry anti-Communists—especially at the FBI. But then, in the late 1990s, the U.S. government began declassifying its intercepts of old Soviet cables. And these Venona cables, analyzed in such books as Allen Weinstein and Alexander Vassiliev's *The Haunted Wood* and John Earl Haynes and Harvey Klehr's *Venona*, have made it nearly impossible to continue to hold that old line.

Indeed, to the untrained eye, this proof of Soviet spies looks like justification for the FBI during the Cold War. So what's a man to do, if he's unwilling to abandon bashing J. Edgar Hoover? Theoharis has stumbled on the answer: Turn the fact that the spies were real into an *additional* indictment. Not only did the FBI "promote the politics of McCarthyism," but it simultaneously "failed in counterintelligence"—as the existence of spies demonstrates.

Athan Theoharis is not the author to carry this thesis through to mainstream acceptance. In *Chasing Spies*, he insists the KGB had few nefarious purposes in America; all the Soviets really wanted was to keep track of Russians living here—Orthodox priests, Tsarists, Trotskyites, etc.—who might threaten the Communist revolution back in Russia. Even setting aside the fact that "keeping track" of dissidents included blackmail, intimidation, and murder, there's something peculiar in this exculpation of the KGB when it comes from an author who's made his living by attacking the FBI for spying on Americans.

Still, though Theoharis's *Chasing Spies* is a failure, his subtitle has all the hallmarks of success. Expect to see, from many authors in the coming years, books that argue how the FBI failed in counterintelligence but promoted the politics of McCarthyism.

—*J. Bottum*

Books in Brief

America's First Dynasty: The Adamses, 1735-1918 **by Richard Brookhiser (Free Press, 244 pp., $25).** The roots of the Adams family lie in Puritan New England, Richard Brookhiser insists, for that's the only way to explain their constant striving for election—in both senses of the word. In *America's First Dynasty*, Brookhiser examines the legacy of American Calvinism in a time of waning Congregationalist faith. The book is witty and graceful, telling the familiar tale of John Adams's role in the Declaration of Independence and his service as president—as well as that of his son, John Quincy Adams. Brookhiser is also deft with the less well-known story of how John Quincy's own son, Charles Francis, helped keep Britain out of our Civil War. And then there's Henry Adams, whom Brookhiser considers a great writer with immense faults.

All is illustrated by well-chosen detail. Take this description of John Quincy in the 1790s: "All his life he would be a serious drinker—as an old man he would correctly identify eleven out of fourteen Madeiras in a blind tasting—though unlike his brothers he stayed this side of alcoholism."

Brookhiser may err in not discussing the Petition of Right and the English Bill of Rights, assuming that readers know what these are and why, in light of them, John and Samuel Adams saw George III as a breaker of covenants with his subjects. He may also underrate John Adams as a president, failing to give him sufficient credit for maintaining Hamilton's economic program. But the book he's produced is a delight to read, brilliant, penetrating, and written with style. Brookhiser's next volume, reportedly on Gouverneur Morris, should be an event.

—*Jonathan Leaf*

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***A History of Philosophy in America, 1720-2000* by Bruce Kuklick (Oxford University Press, 326 pp., $30).** The greatest fear of a widely published intellectual historian is that he will either have to think of something new to say or risk repeating himself. Bruce Kuklick's account of the growth of philosophical thinking in the United States ranges from Jonathan Edwards and Charles Hodge to Hillary Putnam and Richard Rorty, all in the span of 326 pages. He gives slightly short shrift to William James and John Dewey, but probably because he feels he has already said quite enough about them in his previous extensive writings on Pragmatism, which he acknowledges as the most important and uniquely American contribution to philosophy. A disclaimer in the introduction states that the intention of the book is neither encyclopedic nor thematic, but rather an attempt to write a popular book about the social and political conditions that shaped the philosophical endeavors of American theologians, academics, and a few gifted amateurs.

Kuklick is neither complimentary nor optimistic about the current state of philosophy, as he makes clear in his biting treatment of thinkers like Quine and Rawls. Though not quite as impressive as its billing—"the American counterpart to Bertrand Russell's *A History of Western Philosophy*"—the book is a well-researched introduction for the reader interested in an overview of American philosophy.

—Katherine Mangu-Ward

***Liberty for Women: Freedom and Feminism in the Twenty-First Century*, edited by Wendy McElroy (Ivan R. Dee, 320 pp., $30).** Although the radical and gender feminists have dominated women's politics in recent years, other types of feminists exist, and Wendy McElroy has gathered some of their writing in *Liberty for Women*. Writers such as Martha C. Nussbaum and Norma Jean Almodovar may still argue that the issues of abortion, sexual harassment, reproductive technology, self-defense, prostitution, and pornography play a distinctive role in women's lives and demand attention. But these "individualist feminists" deviate from their radical and gender counterparts by refusing to relegate women to a class apart from men. Going further still, they impugn the beliefs that big government—or protests against patriarchy and the free market—can adequately address women's problems. Instead, the individualist feminists argue that natural law "grounded in or based upon fact" should be employed in addressing these topics, giving the same individual rights and freedoms to everyone.

As it happens, they have a very thin notion of natural law—defined for them by self-ownership, personal responsibility, and consistently applied choice. But their work is nonetheless worth noticing, for it represents a step back from the abyss of radical feminism. "If a woman says she ought to be able to choose, then she must extend the same 'ought' to every other human being," McElroy explains. "Otherwise she is claiming a privilege rather than a right."

—Rachel DiCarlo

***Pale Horse Coming* by Stephen Hunter (Simon & Schuster, 487 pp., $25).** *Washington Post* movie critic Stephen Hunter can toss off a reference to *Cahiers du cinéma*, then turn to a joke about zee French. The effect is like going to a keg party with the most outrageous lecturer from film school.

But another set of readers know a different Stephen Hunter—who, for two decades, has been turning out hard-bitten thrillers. Ever since his first novel, *The Master Sniper* (about Hitler, an exceptional sniper, and a high-tech rifle), Hunter has produced page-turners that transform research into living backdrops. The protagonist may be a soldier tracking a killer across the ruins of occupied Germany, a spy threading his way through the Spanish Civil War, or a state trooper looking for the perpetrator of a massacre at a pancake house in a forlorn prairie town.

Horror and honor abound in his latest effort, *Pale Horse Coming*, a dark tale about a pair of 1950s lawmen who stumble on the "Thebes State Penal Farm (Colored)" in Mississippi. The prison farm has a purpose: It is meant to be known across the Negro South as a rumor of fear, a word to shut down any thought of (as it was said in those days) "stirring things up."

Behind Thebes is a former Army doctor who resembles a Mississippi Mengele. The idea of such a place, complete with an English version of an *Arbeit Macht Frei* sign, will strike the reader as hyperbolic. But it works well within the story—which is, in its way, a retelling of Aeschylus' *Seven Against Thebes*: a crew of men determined to bring justice to a hideous kingdom. Their leader is Earl Swagger, an ex-Marine with a talent for violence and a boatload of survivor's guilt. A pledge to a friend leads him to Thebes, where he becomes a white slave at the prison farm, subject to its torture house and submersion in its river of drowned men.

Earl escapes and pulls together an argumentative band of brothers—gunmen brought together not with any promise of reward or appeal to idealism. Most of them are firearms experts, with strong followings in the gun-trade press, and all that's needed to draw them into the adventure is exactly what Earl has to offer: the chance to test themselves and their firearms against some real bad guys.

Hunter is emerging as one of those rare writers, like Martin Cruz Smith or Robert Stone, who can drive a mass-market thriller to literary heights. He is a stickler for accuracy, whether he is depicting Stalin's hidden hand in the internecine wars of the left in the Spanish Civil War or describing a wound left by a hollow-point bullet. (No one does gunplay with greater relish or more loving accuracy. This is an author who knows "the impact of a .30-06 with a quarter value wind drift and the proper way to regulate the rate of fire on the gas pipe under a Browning Automatic Rifle barrel.")

But it is in exploring the big, simple themes of courage, guilt, and manhood in a world of horrific risks that Hunter shines.

—Mark W. Davis

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Robert Blake allegedly tried to hire Hollywood stunt men to murder his wife.
—News item

Parody

BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT

"DON'T DO THE CRIME IF YOU CAN'T DO THE TIME"

Coroner's Report

Cause of Death: Homicide

The victim suffered repeated blows with a variety of weapons, including:

1. Repeated punches to the air in front of her face.
2. Blows to the top of the head with saloon chair made of balsa wood.
3. Blows to the side of the face with liquor bottle made of molded candy.
4. Suffered abrasions when her car plowed through several sidewalk fruit stands and crashed into conveniently placed pile of cardboard boxes.
5. Attacked by army of machine gun-wielding Nazis, while fortunately suffering only minor scrapes from bullet that grazed scalp.
6. Victim forced to run on top of moving train while being chased by perpetrator. Escaped into tunnel only to discover ancient Inca booby traps, including 12-foot rolling ball of stone and wobbly bridge over river of fire.
7. Victim finally perished of leukemia after reconciling with long lost brother, Robby Benson.

Final note: Strangely, when victim was discovered, body had Xs where her eyes should have been.

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What Are Education CEOs Up To?

Paul T. Hill is a research professor at the Center on Reinventing Public Education, University of Washington; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

We now know a few things about CEOs. Their job is to make their organizations look good, however troubled and ineffective they might be. They do not feel obligated to divulge troubling information that might affect public confidence, cause valuable employees to leave, or make it difficult to recruit in the future.

Education CEOs are no exception. I have learned, in the course of research on the leadership problems of big-city school districts, that superintendents also need to downplay problems. **They put a bright face on negative circumstances out of fear that creating a crisis may lower public confidence or discourage potential successors.**

Superintendents are always ready to tell about "neat things" their districts are doing to turn around troubled schools, develop the skills of deficient teachers, and reduce the achievement gap between poor and middle-class children.

But when pressed they tell a different story. When asked whether the "neat things" are likely to make a big difference, many say no. Professional development cannot turn schools around when virtually the entire teaching staff leaves at the end of the year. Schools serving the poorest children need longer school days and school years than other schools. Primary schools serving the poorest neighborhoods need simpler, more literacy-focused curricula than other schools. Troubled schools cannot improve if schools in the "nicer" neighborhoods always get a disproportionate share of the respected and experienced teachers.

Superintendents also know that pressing for fundamental changes in public schools might cost them their jobs. One administrator stated that "you can start something that might make a difference but you would never survive long enough to see it work out." Another said that superintendents "are constantly choosing between initiatives that might work but would get you fired and initiatives that are too weak to do much but might survive long enough to make a little bit of difference."

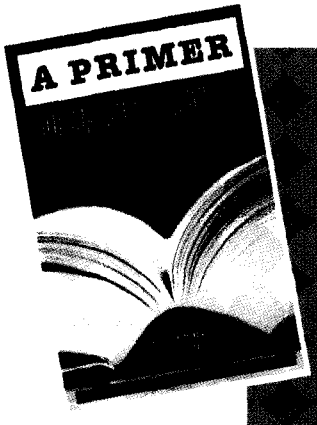
Doing what is needed would require reallocating money and personnel and looking outside the system for new ideas and people. Money is a huge issue: in the words of one superintendent, "You need to be able to change how every dollar is spent." But that might require funds from existing programs and schools in upper-income neighborhoods. Influential neighborhoods have the programs and teachers parents want, and they won't give them up readily.

Many superintendents also feel whipsawed between teachers and their unions. According to one administrator, "We can get union agreement for one thing, or cooperation from individual teachers for another, but we can rarely get both the union and the teachers to agree at the same time."

Superintendents have ideas about how to solve the persistent problems of public education. But like business CEOs they are programmed to pretend that all is well and that all problems will shortly be conquered. Donors to public education assume that the superintendent will tell them what is needed, which is not a safe assumption. Like investors in the stock market, policymakers and philanthropists need to ask hard and impolite questions.

— Paul T. Hill

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



Want to learn more about K–12 education policy?

Visit us on-line at **www.hoover.org** *or contact us to receive a complimentary copy of* **A Primer on America's Schools***—11 chapters by Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.*

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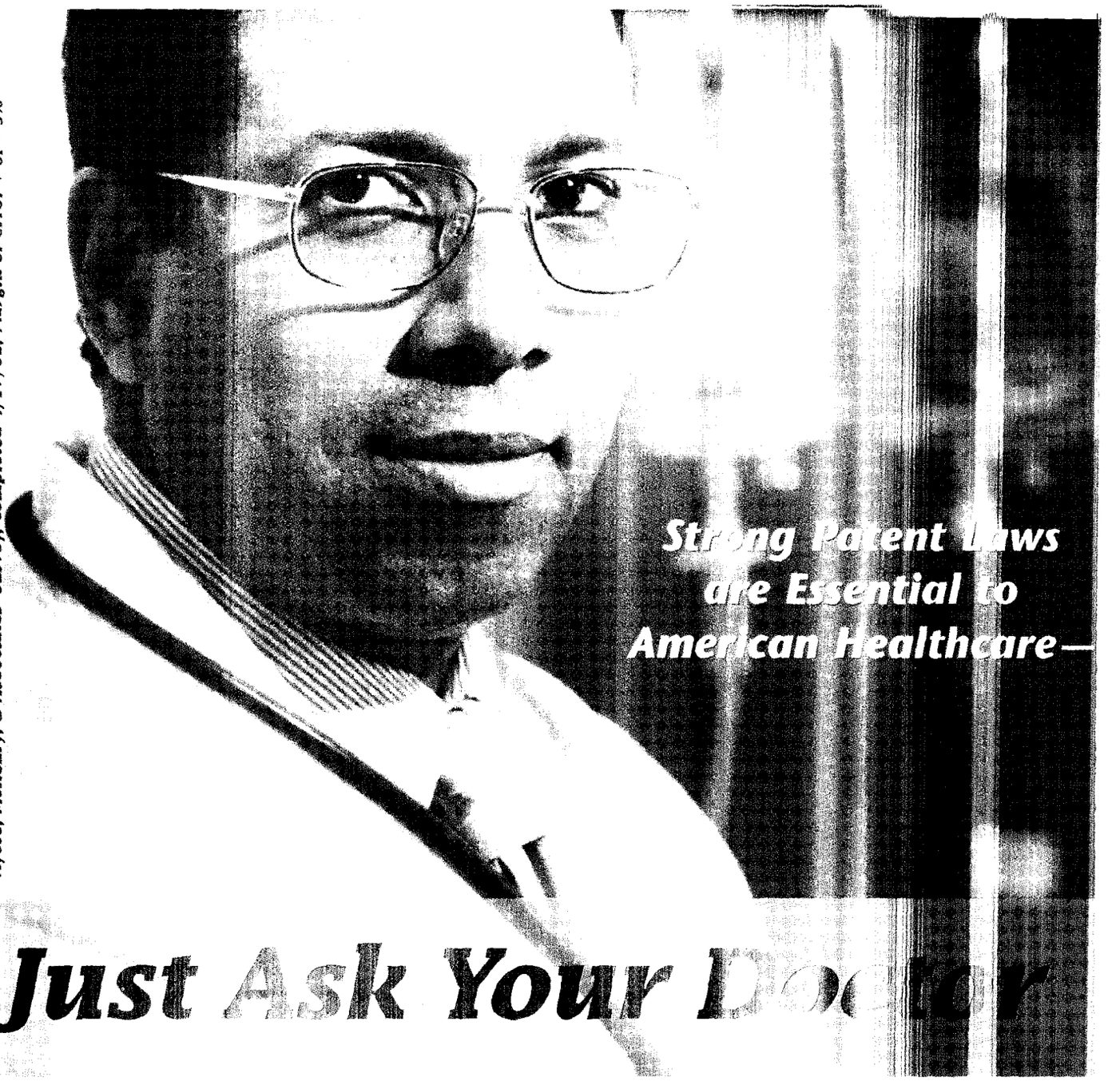

*Ayers, McHenry, & Associates' survey, completed 4/17/02, Margin of error + or – 5%

Just Ask Your Doctor

American doctors, in overwhelming numbers, understand the vital role prescription drugs play in American healthcare and that strong patent protections are key to drug innovation and development.

A just completed survey* of American doctors found that 75% of all MDs see patent protections as very important to the creation of new drugs. 67% fear that weakening patent protections for new drugs will hurt research and innovation, especially when it comes to rare diseases.

75% of MDs: Patent laws are very important to the future of America's medicines.

America's frontline health providers are almost unanimous—88% agree—that continuing development of new drugs is "very important" for patient care.

Prescription drugs are vital to American healthcare... and strong patent laws are vital to developing new prescription drugs. *Just ask your doctor!*

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